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The Improvement ERA

Vol. 35, No. 2 DECEMBER, 1931

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education

FORECAST

GREAT SALT LAKE, the Dead Sea of America, the mecca of early trappers and pioneers, is one of the most romantic bodies of water in America. Its clear water so laden with salt as to make it impossible for a man to sink in it, and its many islands with myriads of birds are described by D. E. Jenkins, an inland sailor, who has navigated the great sea. This article, copiously illustrated, will find place in the January *Improvement Era*.

A FEW of the other outstanding stories and articles of the January issue will be "Rudger Clawson," the next of the series of articles contributed by President B. S. Hinckley; "The Skillful Use of English." "The Surrender of Father Time," a short story; "The Scar," one of the prize stories; and choice bits of verse some of them illustrated.

THE Written Word" is the title of an article contributed by Dr. N. A. Pedersen. It is a timely and interesting suggestion for us all.

THE COVER

SILVER Silence" is the title given to the photograph which is used on the cover of the Christmas issue. It was taken by Leland Van Wagoner of a frost-draped nook in Provo Canyon.

For Every Member of the Family

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EDITORIAL

Harrison R. Merrill
Managing Editor

Heber J. Grant, *Editor*

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

What Age Santa Claus?

WHITE WHISKERS and white hair are usually a part of the makeup of Santa Claus, but in reality he is of all ages and —strange to say—of both sexes. I sometimes wonder why Mrs. Santa Claus is not found more frequently in our lore. The only reason I can find for her omission is that she—wonderful mothers of the world—*made* Santa Claus for us, and with the adroit manipulations for which she is famous. made us love him with all our hearts.

A mother recently told me an interesting story of a youthful Santa Claus.

Vern was a boy of eleven, but he became Santa to a spinster lady of fifty-five—and a mighty wise Santa, too; much wiser than many a one of the white-whiskered type.

He said to his mother one day last year: "Mother, Miss Lander is all alone. She hasn't a soul to make fires for her, or carry in her coal, or do anything at all, and, Mother, I think she needs a good warm wrap when she gets up in the morning."

Now this mother was of the Santa Claus-making variety. She smiled sweetly at the little Santa Claus-in-the-making, but she said never a word.

"Well," Vern went on, "I've decided to get her a Christmas present."

The mother listened. It is good sometimes just to listen to these men-growing-up.

"I am going to get her a bath robe—one like yours that's good and warm, so when she gets up in the morning in her cold house, she can slip into it and stay in it 'til she gets her fire started."

"And how will you get this bath robe?" the mother asked.

"I'll sell papers from now 'til Christmas—that ought a do it."

It did.

He hoarded his money like a young Midas.

Then one day some carpenters came into Vern's vicinity to build a house. He saw the pieces of boards, the broken shingles and lath—odds and ends of lumber—and they gave him another idea. He went to the builder and asked if he might gather some of the smaller pieces to take over to Miss Lander to be used as kindling. The builder was willing, and soon Miss Lander had the finest pile of wood that had been stacked in her coal house in years.

On Christmas Eve, Vern, beautiful, warm bathrobe under his arm, went over to Miss Lander's. The good lady was overjoyed.

"I'll treasure it," said she, the tears streaming down her cheeks and falling upon the robe which was pressed against her face.

"You're to wear it, not treasure it," said the Santa Claus-growing-up, stoutly. "I'll come over every morning to see if you have it on."

Vern has set a good example for Santas of all ages —Pagan or Christian, old or young.

This is a year of more or less distress. People who can afford to buy should buy, of course, but perhaps they should buy a bit more wisely than they have ever done before.

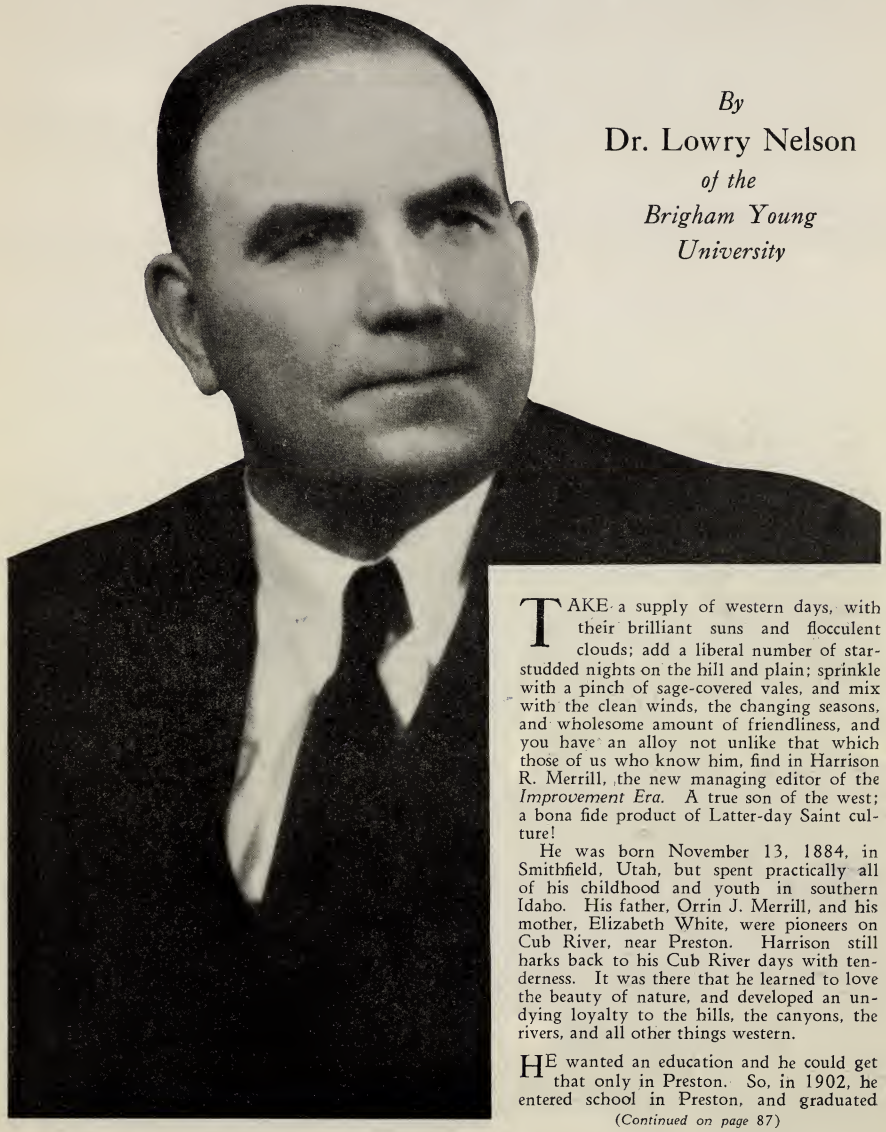
Fathers and mothers who are tempted to shower their own children with worthless gim-cracks and, in some cases, annoying and even dangerous toys of various types merely to see that Christmas morning-glow in Fawn's or Freddie's faces, should remember that just around the corner somewhere there may be a father and mother who can't even buy a tin whistle; in fact, who may be short the actual necessities of life.

On Christmas morning the homes of people will declare the ages of the Santa Clauses living therein. If the best room, in the light of the Christmas globes at 5 a. m., is filled to the brim with expensive toys and Christmas cheer, while around the corner there is a home wherein there is despair for the want of necessities, then that room will deny the Christianity of its inmates. If, in a home, the Christmas lights shine upon gifts of usefulness, or even if there are no lights to shine at all upon the meager offerings of loving souls, and somewhere there is another home a little happier, a little less squalid, a little more comfortable because of the good offices of a sympathetic Santa Claus—a neighbor—one may know that that Santa Claus belongs to the Christian age, and that the Master loves him and will visit him.

—*H. R. M.*

> ***"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand,***
>
> ***"'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: For I was an hungred and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.'***
>
> ***"Then shall the righteous answer him, saying,***
>
> ***"'Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?'***
>
> ***"And the King shall answer and say unto them,***
>
> ***"'Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'"***
>
> ***St. Matthew, 25:34-40.***

Introducing the
New Managing Editor



By
Dr. Lowry Nelson
of the
Brigham Young
University

TAKE a supply of western days, with their brilliant suns and flocculent clouds; add a liberal number of star-studded nights on the hill and plain; sprinkle with a pinch of sage-covered vales, and mix with the clean winds, the changing seasons, and wholesome amount of friendliness, and you have an alloy not unlike that which those of us who know him, find in Harrison R. Merrill, the new managing editor of the *Improvement Era*. A true son of the west; a bona fide product of Latter-day Saint culture!

He was born November 13, 1884, in Smithfield, Utah, but spent practically all of his childhood and youth in southern Idaho. His father, Orrin J. Merrill, and his mother, Elizabeth White, were pioneers on Cub River, near Preston. Harrison still harks back to his Cub River days with tenderness. It was there that he learned to love the beauty of nature, and developed an undying loyalty to the hills, the canyons, the rivers, and all other things western.

HE wanted an education and he could get that only in Preston. So, in 1902, he entered school in Preston, and graduated

(*Continued on page* 87)

Christmas Eve on the Desert

By
Harrison R. Merrill

TONIGHT, not one alone am I but three—
The Lad I was, the Man I am, and he
Who looks adown the coming future years
And wonders at my sloth. His hopes and fears
Should goad me to the manly game
Of adding to the honor of my name.
I'm Fate to him—that chap that's I, grown old.
No matter how much stocks and lands and gold
I save for him, he can't buy back a single day
On which I built a pattern for his way.

I, in turn, am product of that Boy
Who rarely thought of After Selves. His joy
Was in the present. He might have saved me woe
Had he but thought. The ways that I must go
Are his. He marked them all for me
And I must follow—and so must he—
My Future Self—Unless I save him!

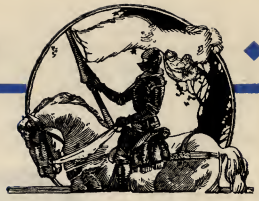
Save?—Somehow that word,
Deep down, a precious thought has stirred!
Savior?—Yes, I'm savior to that "Me,"
That thoughtful After Person whom I see!—
The thought is staggering! I sit and gaze
At my two Other Selves, joint keepers of my days!

Master of Christmas, You dared to bleed and die
That OTHERS might find life. How much more I
Should willingly give up my present days
To lofty deeds; seek out the ways
To build a splendid life. I should not fail
To set my feet upon the star bound trail
For him—that After Self. You said that he
Who'd lose his life should find it, and I know
You found a larger life, still live and grow.
Your doctrine was, so I've been told, serve man.
I wonder if I'm doing all I can
To serve? Will serving help that Older Me
To be the man he'd fondly like to be?

Last night I passed a shack
Where hunger lurked. I must go back
And take a lamb. Is that the message of the Star
Whose rays, please God, can shine this far?

Tonight, not one alone am I but three—
The Lad I was, the Man I am, and he
Who is my Future Self—nay, more,
I am HIS savior—that thought makes me four!

Master of Christmas, that Star of Thine shines clear—
Bless Thou the four of me—out here!



President Charles W. Nibley

By
BRYANT S. HINCKLEY
President of Liberty Stake

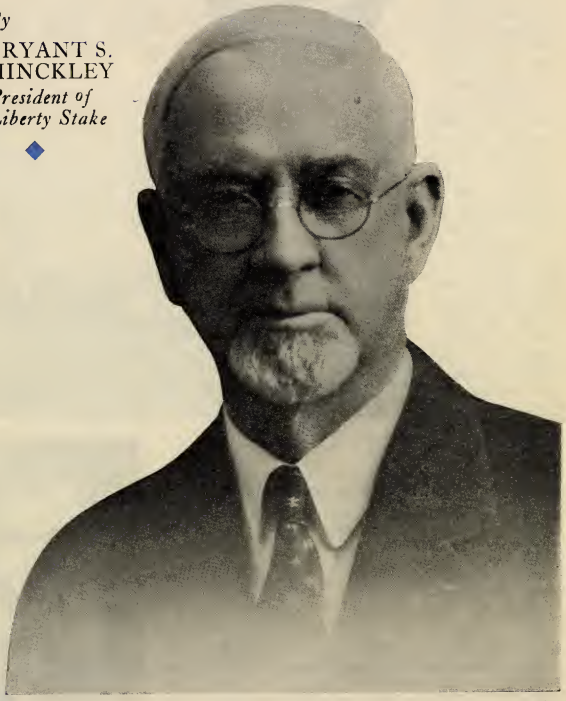
AT Far West, Missouri, in the turbulent days of persecution, Joseph F. Smith was born—a man whose influence and companionship have meant more to Charles W. Nibley than any other person in the world except his heroic Scotch mother and members of his own family.

In September, 1848, with his widowed mother, and other courageous souls, Joseph F. Smith came to Utah, a boy ten years of age. Nineteen years after, he was made an apostle and went to Cache Valley where, for the second time President Nibley, then a Scotch lad eighteen years of age, met him. A friendship was established between these men which continued to grow stronger and brighter until death separated them.

It was a fortunate thing for any man to know intimately Joseph F. Smith. He possessed a solidarity of character and an uncoquerable heart. President Smith was the kind of man whose friends would die for him, for they knew he would be true unto death. He loved Charles W. Nibley with all the strength and fervor of his great heart and this love was returned to him in full measure, and thus was built up a friendship that was deep, enduring, and beautiful. To know intimately either of these men is to think better of mankind.

THRIFT, caution, and economy are the national characteristics of the sturdy people of Scotland. Many humorous references are made to their caution in giving, but that little land has given to the world more than its full share of genius and of greatness.

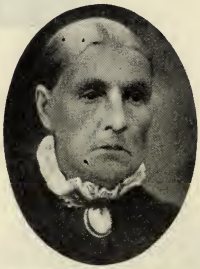
There are very few individuals



President Charles W. Nibley

A Scotch lad comes to America, herds sheep on the hills of Cache Valley where he memorizes Shakespeare, climbs the rough road to success financially, socially and, best of all, spiritually. Among his numerous friends was one especially beloved—Joseph F. Smith, former President of the L. D. S. Church.

from any land who have made a better contribution to the church of their choice than that wise and devoted Scotch Bishop, now president, Charles W. Nibley. His parents were of humble extraction but of sterling worth. As is frequently the case, their distinguished son received his best inheritance from his mother. His sagacity and enterprise, the strength of his character, the brilliancy of his mind, his spirit of adventure, his indomitable courage were all distinctly manifest in her life and character.

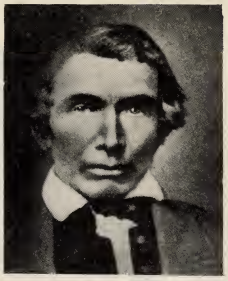


Our admiration for this good woman rises with every difficult situation in which this family finds itself. She was a shining example of those Puritanic virtues which underlie all successful colonization and which permeate the lives of men and women who constitute the back bone of the world. No wonder her son cherishes, with reverent pride, her memory, for she was, indeed, an extraordinary woman.

Upper—President Nibley's Mother, Jean Wilson Nibley.

Center—The Nibley Home in Scotland.

Lower — President Nibley's Father—James Nibley.



CHARLES W. NIBLEY is a man of large vision and courage, with a rare capacity for bringing things to pass. This, coupled with a keen sense of values and sound business judgment, enabled him to rise rapidly in the world. Alone, without prestige or favor, he fought his way from abject poverty to affluence and power. No man prominently identified with this Church has displayed superior capacity for successfully carrying forward large projects. While he has been a conspicuous leader in the industrial and financial world he has never slackened in his allegiance to his church, and all his life he has been a prayerful, thorough-going Latter-day Saint.

The proof of his early poverty is graphically set down in his "Reminiscences," which will be a cherished legacy to his posterity. At the time referred to here the family was living in Wellsville, Utah, and he was about twelve years old.

"Our breakfasts were of the scantiest kind," says he, "a little wheat porridge without much milk and a little of the brown or black bread without butter. In the morning I was furnished a piece of bread for my dinner as I would start off on the hills with the cows, but my dinner was devoured before I got half a mile away from our camp and I had to go hungry until evening. About the only clothing I had at that time was a pair of pants made from the tent which we used in crossing the plains, and which had grown so stiff and hard being weather-beaten in so many storms, and a shirt made of the same material, that when it touched my back or sides it nearly took the skin off, but it was the best I had and all I had. A rope tied around my waist was used to hold my pants up and my shirt down. I can remember that when I was hungry at dinner time about the only thing I could do to help my stomach was to tighten my rope."

FEATURE that boy clothed as he was, fed as he was, the home in which he lived, much of the time without shoes, without a coat until he was sixteen years of age, and see him thirty years later, confident, prosperous, recognized; giving employment in mills, factories, and on railroads to thousands of happy workmen. "There is a path which leads from the lowliest depths to the loftiest heights." His feet have pressed that path.

Not every poor boy can do what he did, but every boy can draw inspiration and encouragement from the story of his achievement and resolve that he will not be the victim of his environment. No matter how hard or lowly his circumstances may be, opportunity is calling to him and there is work for him to do if he will only get ready.

In that humble pioneer home in Wellsville, the living may have been scant and the comforts may have been very few, but in Jean Nibley's home, no matter how poor, there was never any of that squalor or wretchedness which sometimes manifests itself in poverty. Charles W. Nibley certainly had what S. S. McClure said he hoped to bequeath to his children, "the advantages of poverty."

TO go back to the beginning—President Nibley was born near Edinburgh, Scotland, February 5, 1849. His father, James Nibley, a coal miner, was a quiet, God-fearing, inoffensive man with many sterling qualities and a rich vein of dry Scotch wit—keen and incisive. That is where the President gets his engaging and delightful humor. His mother, Jean Wilson Nibley, "was all energy and push and seemed never to tire of working and scheming to get on in the world; withal she had pure Scotch thrift and prudence and could save a little money where most people would starve. She was of a religious temperament with a deep vein of spirituality. Life was a serious thing with her, an almost desperate thing in which she had no time for levity or play; but only for work or prayers and religious activity. But for sagacity and thrift my mother was the savior of the family. It was a stern, hard life they had to live, one of unremitting toil and penury, but they struggled on, never faltering and made the best of it."

When asked how he made his first dollar he did not say but related this circumstance: "I must have been four or five years of age when this happened. I visited my Aunt Sneddon who gave me a penny. On my way home from this visit I met what the Scotch call a "packman"; that is a peddler selling pins, needles, trinkets of one kind and another and a little candy, carrying his whole store on his back. I held up my penny to the packman who threw his pack at once on the ground, opened it up and asked me if I wanted rock, which meant hard candy. I answered with sufficient self-denial, "No, I am no wantin' rock, I want peens and needles for my mother." I took the pins and needles to my mother, told her my story with all the pride in the world. I can recollect how she picked me up with tears in her eyes, rejoicing I suppose, at my self-denial and cried, 'Aye, my bonny bairn."

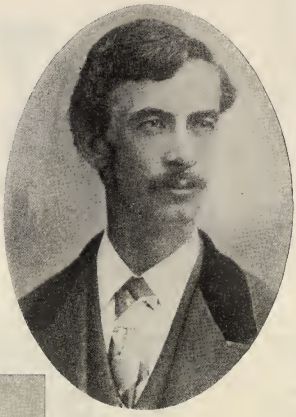
THE family came to America in 1855, steerage passage on a sailing vessel, a voyage requiring six weeks. They settled first in Rhode Island, where some of Mrs. Nibley's relatives lived, and for five years most of them worked in the cotton mills. During this time they saved sufficient money to fit themselves out for their journey to Utah. They went by rail to Florence, Nebraska, where they purchased a new wagon, two yoke of oxen, and two cows. They left Florence on June 17, 1860, and were little less than three months making the journey to Salt Lake City. President Nibley, then a boy eleven, walked barefoot most of the way.

There is a suggestion of thrift in this incident: "After the cows were milked in the morning, the milk not used was put in a tin churn and strapped on the side of the wagon and by noon it would be thoroughly churned; the butter could be gathered and the buttermilk had for lunch."

Their arrival in the valley is described as follows: "On Monday, September 3, 1860, we came out of the canyon on the bench near Fort Douglas, and I can very well remember with what joy we looked upon the little growing city in the wilderness. We felt that all our troubles and trials were at an end * * * when, as a matter of fact, they had just begun."

ON arriving they camped on Eighth ward Square and very soon thereafter moved to Wellsville, Cache Valley, and were among its earliest settlers. During the Fall he gleaned wheat barefoot with his mother. They would carry home on their backs the bundles of wheat which they had gleaned and then scrub it out on a washboard. To get a half a bushel of wheat in that way was a good day's work for both of them. The other members of the family were busy getting logs, building shelter for their cattle, and a dugout in which to live. This dugout was their first home in Utah. It was one room, twelve by sixteen feet, consisting of an excavation of about three feet, with logs laid up for another three feet, making

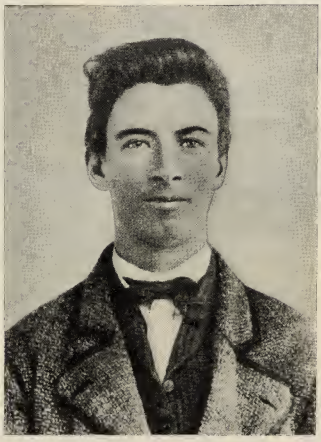
(*Continued on page* 92)



Right — Charles Wilson Nibley at the age of 24.

Lower Left—Charlie Nibley in his first suit of clothes. The material was woven by his mother.

Lower Right — President Nibley plays a good game of golf.



Two Strong Men

By
Harrison R. Merrill

Illustrated by
Paul S. Clowes

I ALWAYS thought of Kipling's "The Ballad of East and West" whenever I saw Coach Bob Granger and Walt Zumwalt together. They were as unlike as a college coach and a New Mexican cowboy could be, but they were of the he-man breed of which the English bard wrote. Coach Bob was a bit noisy, and Zumwalt was as silent as the sands of his own state, but they had plenty in common.

I remember yet Coach Bob's enthusiasm when he returned from New Mexico the fall I was a junior and told me of Zumwalt, Zum, as he was always called from the first day he wore a Polk University moleskin.

"I have found a *man*" he said to me on our first day of football practice.

We had drifted on to the campus from the farms, the range, the mines, and the woolens trails — from all the places where college students spend their summers — and were chinning a bit before getting down to practice. Coach Bob was in a gay mood and talkative, for he had back again one of the wiriest Polker outfits that had ever graced the grid at Polk at any one time.

"Found him down near the Rio Grande," Coach Bob continued. "And—he's never yet seen a football."

He grinned his appreciation of our surprise.

"But he can learn," he continued.

"Must be as big as a mountain and as fast as an antelope," Dave Spencer said. Dave was one of the best halfbacks with whom I have ever ranged a grid.

"Not so big—not so fast," Coach Bob replied.

"Then why the rosy glasses?" Dave inquired.

"Nerve! Spirit! Courage—that's what he's got," Coach Bob went on. "Let me tell you how I saw him first. We had just ridden up to a herd of cattle that was milling around as the cowboys rode among them—looking for mavericks, I think—when a big Texas steer with horns like a couple of fence rails, darted out of the bunch and made for a rough country not a hundred yards away.

"It happened in less than ten seconds, all of it. Yells from the cowboys brought a horse after the steer. On his back, was a dusty, freckled kid with narrow eyes that flashed like knife-blades as he passed me. I thought the case was hopeless, when that kid stuck out a hand as his horse reached the steer's side, grasped a horn, and jumped.

"I don't know how he did it, but the steer's head went down and the old boy did a flip flop and landed

"Write us a football story," was one of the last requests the present managing editor had from Hugh J. Cannon, the former managing editor, who believed strongly in the youth of America. "Two Strong Men" is the result.

Zum was too fast for us when he once got under way. He shot through the struggling line and out into the open.

with that kid frozen to his horns and nose. The steer must have weighed nearly twelve hundred pounds, but he couldn't wiggle. Talk about your tackles, that was it!

"Right there I scraped an acquaintance and invited the kid up to play football. He'll be here when school starts or I can't read the hearts of men any more. He's a high school graduate, but he's been out two or three years, at least. Now, when that boy hits one of those big mooses over at Loyola, he'll simply knock a hole in 'm."

Coach Bob had told his story so well that every man on the team was eager to get a squint at Zumwalt as soon as he arrived; and he did arrive, sure enough, on the opening day of registration.

MOST of us, I must confess were disappointed when he came stumping into the gymnasium, his legs a little bowed and his shoulders a little stooped as from long sitting in the saddle. He carried in his hand a wide Stetson, new and white for the occasion, I suppose. His hair, a sort of walnut-stain auburn, had not been trimmed for a couple of months and curled around his ears and hung in drake-tails on his temples. His face was freckled, and thin lips and a pair of cobalt eyes as steady as the sun, gave him a certain air of solidity.

He wasn't as big as we had expected to find him, and he didn't look muscular, but when I looked into his eyes, I knew I was in the presence of a tremendous force. He exuded power.

Zum had a hard time learning football, but how he did eat up the training, even to the skull practices. He seemed determined to know the game in theory as well as in practice from the kick-off to the point after touchdown. He simply wouldn't rest until he had learned the signals and had run them through—forward and back.

Since he was only a freshman, he was ineligible to play Varsity football, but Old Coach Bob watched the cowpuncher with a pride that slopped over into praise whenever he had an attentive audience.

"He's going to be better than I thought," he said to us one day. "That Zum fella's going to zoom when we get him up here on the Polker team. Why he knows more football now than some men could learn if they played a thousand years in kingdom come."

I was playing center, and the Coach often had a few of us in for skull rambles. At such times he used to get started on the new kid.

"That kid stuck out a hand as his horse reached the steer's side, grasped a horn, and jumped."

ALL eyes were on Zum. We were all just a trifle jealous of the hold he had on the Coach. To us he looked good, but we couldn't see in him any superman. He was just a freckled faced kid with a gift for absorbing punishment and a pair of eyes that always looked where he was going and—cleared the way.

One day we were in the Coach's office when Benny Fowler, the frosh coach, came in. Coach Bob immediately began upon his favorite subject—Zum.

"Zum's all right," Benny finally said, "but he's a poor team man. He develops too many original ideas. His ideas are often good, but he certainly wrecks the team work."

Coach Bob grinned.

"Fine!" said he, rubbing his hands. "Self-reliant, eh? That's the kind of a man I like."

Benny growled back: "I do too, but I don't like 'em *too* self-reliant."

"Wait until I get him up in the Varsity squad," Coach Bob crowed. "Up here he can be as self-reliant as he wants to be—so long as he wins."

"But you'll find you can't make a clicking team so long as he's in it," Benny answered. "An off tackle play may be called, but our friend, Zum, may zum somewhere else with the ball. You never can tell about him."

"Why do you keep him in your main string then?" Coach Bob inquired, his squint eyes boring into Benny.

Benny twisted a little at that; then he said half apologetically: "Because he's about eight of the team."

Coach Bob chuckled.

"Of course he is, and he has it in him to be ten—if the occasion ever comes. Just needs somebody to throw him the ball."

The following year I was elected captain of the Polkers. Zum had grown a bit during the summer and was as tough as an iron Indian when he returned from the deserts and lined up for the first time that fall. I liked him better than ever as I gripped his hand during that first practice. He was one of those birds that just made you sure he was solid clean to the core. Captains like such fellows on the team.

Zum had had a football with him all summer and had mastered the art of punting as well as he previously had done the art of blocking, tackling, straight-arming, passing, and the remainder of the game. When I saw his educated toe lift the oval as high as the poplars around our practice field, I knew that one, Walt Zumwalt, would be my chief punter.

THAT first night as I was dressing old Coach Bob came along and sat down beside me.

"Ain't he a Polker!" he exclaimed with no introduction.

I nodded. I knew to whom he was referring.

"I knew he was a find the minute I saw him go after that old Texas steer," the Coach went on. "He's got the nerve—would tackle a she lion and steal her cubs, and Jamsey's cousins, how he runs with that ball!"

In practice Zum was as much of a machine man as one would wish to have. He followed the plays with an accuracy that was satisfying to me as well as to the Coach. We both thought that the Titian-haired cowboy had, at last, been changed into a team man. Then along came our first game.

We were pitted against Loyola, a nifty outfit, though lighter than we. We were carefully wised up on their plays, and the game, so far as we were concerned, was a cut and dried affair. Coach Bob outlined the campaign to the last detail. All we had to do was go out and obey instructions. Loyola had had two weeks' advantage of us in practice and we all knew that we would have to play tight ball or lose. Coach Bob would rather take an eighteen day diet on rat bait than lose to Loyola—hence the care with which he had outlined the play.

WE had battled well into the third quarter without a score on either side. We had the ball on our own seventeen yard line when I passed it to Zum on a signal that was to appear to be a pass but which, in reality, was to be a line buck. Our ends went wide and fast calling for the ball. Zum stepped back as he was supposed to do before taking his plunge.

"It's a fake pass! A fake pass!" the Loyola men cried as they darted into the line. "Watch out for a line smash."

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Eddies of Life

By
William A. Hyde

LIFE, like an ever-flowing river, has its rapids, and its eddies. In "Eddies of Life" President William A. Hyde, of the Pocatello Stake, in his charming style, talks pleasantly and wisely of some of these gentle whirlpools.

THE time—the present. The place—a room in a court house in a small Western city, which is a County seat. The room is unpretentious, almost dingy, as are many court rooms; it is furnished more like the office of a small business man than a dispensary of justice.

The judge is at his desk, signing and filing some legal papers. He is an elderly man, with scant hair, almost white. He would resent the charge from any one that he is bald, for out of the waste of the years in addition to the closely trimmed covering that adorns the sides of his head, he has carefully preserved a fringe along the old time parting, which is meticulously laid across his judicial dome, and which, from certain angles, presents at least a hint of what once existed there. If the hairs of one's head are ever numbered, the judge is sure that this fringe is counted and catalogued.

FROM his appearance, the judge might be taken for a student who is burdened with some problem which worries him. A weight seems to be upon his bent shoulders, and his face wears a preoccupied look. He is not alone in the room; for, hanging above his head, grim, resolute, self-confident and wise, hangs a picture of Theodore Roosevelt. As a sort of political and social demi-god, he looks down upon the little room. To the judge this hero represents what he would like his own actions and decisions in this room to be. Sometimes he looks at the face on the wall and he fancies he sees the expression change in approval or disapproval of what he has done.

This morning the judge is inclined to be contemplative and reminiscent, but there is work ahead for him to do, and he is thinking of the schedule of the day. There will be the purely legal work of his office, making provisions for the poor of the county, studying the cases of delinquencies of the juveniles who may be brought before him, hearing the plea of some deserted wife, or listening to the argument of some professional grafter. How these things seem to swirl and revolve around this office! He is led to think, by the variety and swiftness with which they come, of the swift revolving eddies of a stream. He recalls being seated, when a boy, by the banks of a river and wondering at the mystery of the waters. From somewhere out in the deep current, there is a power which is forever forcing to the shore the swirling, seething, hungry flood which ceaselessly eats into the banks. He tries to study the formation of the eddies, but to him they are mysteries. No doubt they get their energy from the main current. They have no seeming place or purpose, no two of them are alike; to him they are merely swift, powerful forces, bringing upon their surface flotsam which for a moment appears, and then is sucked down into the depths.

LIFE, thinks the judge, is something like the river, and these

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A Daughter

By

Ivy Williams Stone

Chapter Five

GLORIA taught little Peter his A B C's. With the aid of a counting frame he was soon able to cipher. He sat beside his mother whenever she cared for the babies or did work in the house. His tongue stuck out between his lips, his freckled forehead drew together in a concentrated pucker as the tousled head bent industriously over a slate, and a broken pencil scratched figures. *Quotient,* that was the five when you put six into thirty. The thirty was the *dividend;* the six was the *divisor.*

Truly the Lord had answered Gloria's prayers in respect to Peter. He had a quick, clear mind, and unbounded energy. Soon he trudged off to school, carrying a little lunch box, and wearing boots because the road was covered with slush, snow and water. Gloria had Bruce drive Peter to school, and afterward Bruce often drove up Cripple Creek where Lott Gascom still made cheese, and the artful Lulu always had roasted pine nuts on hand. Gloria dared not send Nancy to school; it was too far for so young a child. So Nancy took up the slate and the broken pencil and the *McGuffy's First Reader* with the illustrated alphabet.

"A noun is the name of any thing
Hoop, garden, rope or swing."

quoted Gloria as she churned, or knitted or sewed or mixed bread.

"Schooling isn't what it used to be," sighed Aunt Catherine. "They teach children such queer stuff these days. Now, I was *educated.* My mother was fifth lady in waiting to Queen Victoria—God bless her soul—and she knew what education really meant. The name of every king of England, and the important things in their lives. William the Conqueror in 1066, Harold at the battle of Hastings, Charles whom the wicked Oliver Cromwell beheaded. I could make a courtesy and work a sampler. I knew the name of every bone in the human body—tibia, fibia, radius, ulna, femur, phalanges, scapula—"

"Our teacher says that's no way to learn," interrupted Peter patronizingly. "We got a book that tells about them things, too, but teacher says it's better by far to learn how to care for the body than to know what names doctors give to the different parts. She says we need fresh air in the rooms where we sleep, and that people eat too much meat. She's got a brush to clean her teeth."

THERE'S too much fresh air in this house all the time," Aunt Catherine drew closer to the stove and put in another stick of wood. "A brush

# of Martha

In which Peter decides that he must carve his life out for himself if he is to realize his ambitions; and he makes a beginning.

"The following summer Southern Utah Indians threatened trouble again. All the Northern tribes felt a sympathy War-painted braves with eagle feathers and bulging quivers, passed the ranch."

for the *hair* would be all I would ask. Fancy, an open window in a bedroom! It would cause pneumonia. If I had my way, Gloria my child, that teacher would pack her belongings and take the night train to other parts. Women weren't made for teachers, either. Peter says she hasn't whipped one single child!"

Gloria motioned Peter to silence and whispered, "I will get you one of those tooth brushes some day."

A week later Peter listened cautiously at the parlor door. Aunt Catherine was launched on her favorite song:

"Happy and glorious
Long to reign over us."

He dashed up to her room, hoping to open a window. The odor of a closely shut room had been growing more offensive to his sensitive nostrils week after week. Every sash was nailed down. A few days later while he was practising with the air rifle which Bruce had given him, a bullet unaccountably went astray and crashed a window in that room where air was forbidden to enter.

"He did it on purpose!" cried Aunt Catherine in great indignation. "These new fangled notions! Cold air to poison my lungs. In my day Peter would have been severely thrashed for such presumption. Wasting money on brushes for teeth and letting air into rooms where it is not wanted!"

THERE was no extra pane of glass on the ranch, and Jonas seemed not even to hear Aunt Catherine's pointed remarks about the incident. She pasted the hole over with flour and factory; she pushed her high backed, mahogany bed against the

offending window, still the insidious drafts of cold poison drifted in, which she translated as omens of direful calamity.

Letters bearing a foreign post mark began coming to the county seat. The vigilance of a certain over-seas government might be slow, but it was unending. The sheriff came to the Whitman ranch, where he and Jonas remained closeted in the library, scanning law books. Together they made several trips to the cheese factory of Lott Gascom. That gentleman learned that discretion lay in flight. He learned that Lulu, American born, could hold lands in her own right. He learned that in the gold fields of California a man's past was seldom questioned, his identity quickly lost. He laboriously scratched his name to certain deeds which transferred all his property to Lulu. Then in friendly darkness, he hastily departed for parts vaguely described as "West."

THE following summer southern Utah Indians threatened trouble again. All the northern tribes felt a sympathy. War-painted braves, with eagle feathers and bulging quivers, passed the ranch. But they did not always pass. More and more frequently they stopped, demanding food, or oats and often clothing. Whenever she was alone Gloria gave to them. It was her only recourse. The twins, just learning to walk on unsteady weak legs, hid in her skirts at the sight of the painted horsemen. Nancy ran screaming in fright. Peter acted as water boy to the hay makers, so he was seldom at home. Jonas, coming in hot and weary one afternoon from the hayfield, encountered a solitary Indian just turning into the home lane.

"Go away, you lazy loafer!" ordered Jonas. He was weary and irritated. It was enough to have hay over dry, to have an annoying wind and a broken derrick, without these trouble making natives to feed. "Go away!" he repeated. "No sugar — no molasses — no bread—no oats. Go!" he pointed sternly to the highway, but the Indian remained.

"Heap hungry!" he pleaded.

Across Jonas' mind flitted some poetry which he had once read. It seemed peculiarly apt and without a thought to consequences he repeated:

"Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in the stream and eke in the wind."

"That Eastern poet had never been West," scoffed Jonas. "He'd never seen the lazy rascals. Better the words of the parody:

"Humph! The dirty Indian and his dirtier squaws
Who ask that the whites fill up their paws!"

"Go, I tell you—you lazy, dirty rascal!"

THE Indian answered no word. He looked about, his eyes lighting upon the field where a large, well formed stack of alfalfa was being topped. It was a beautiful stack and Jonas felt a surging pride over the fodder he was storing against the winter. The eyes of the Indian lighted with vengeful lust, with no word of protest he spurred his horse and rode away.

Jonas retold the incident at supper; he laughed at the complete rout of the Indian, thinking that only his cutting tones had penetrated. He never fancied for one moment but that the Indian was well on his way toward southern Utah.

But Gloria did not share in the general laughter. She felt a queer intuition that the incident was not closed. She recalled the Indian of the plains who had determined

to have the red-haired child. That night she remained up longer than usual. The four children were asleep; the dishes and milk pails were washed, the bread was mixed. Aunt Catherine with her door locked and her windows all closed was burning precious oil, while she read *Dora Thorne* again. Jonas slept in the spare room, in order not to be annoyed by the cries of the babies.

Obeying an intuitive urge, Gloria went out for a final inspection. She could not forget the Indian. The cows were peacefully chewing their cuds; a drowsy cackle as she opened the chicken coop proved the chickens were undisturbed; the barn doors were all closed. Nothing had disturbed the sleepy dogs. Still Gloria felt impending disaster. Suddenly a whiff of the hot wind, which had continued for a week, brought her the unmistakable odor of smoke. Instantly she knew—fire at the hay stack!

She did not stop to summon aid, but ran, as she had done in her youth, with all her fine vitality keyed to one objective. The stacks were a quarter mile from the house; a hard choking pain came in her chest, but still she ran. There was no mistaking the odor. One of those hired men had doubtless thrown a cigarette stub into the grass. Jonas was too lenient with them. Men who smoked had no business near dry hay.

She ran around the stack to the farther side where she collided with a stalwart, half naked man, whose bare shoulders glistened in the moonlight. In his hands he carried a burning brand. A look of diabolical cunning marked his bronze features.

KNOWING only that the hay which would feed the cows which would, in turn, feed her children, was about to be burned, Gloria knocked the torch from his hands before she even looked at his face. Then stamping furiously upon the smouldering stick she looked into the face of a war painted Indian.

"Please stop —don't—cows—babies!" she cried incoherently.

The Indian grunted and moved to push her aside, but Gloria persisted:

"If you burn the hay the cows starve—my babies starve!" She

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Joy to the World

A Pageant Play of five scenes depicting the story of the Birth of the Christ Child.

Cast of Characters:

Hebrew Patriarch
Herod, king of the Jews
Herod's Councilors
Herod's Messenger
Three Wise Men
Mary, the mother of Jesus
Joseph, the carpenter
Five shepherds
Travelers, men, women and children

Prologue

(The Hebrew Patriarch appears in costume before the curtain and recites the woes of his people. This recital may be preceded by ancient Hebrew chants or the choir may sing *"By the Waters of Babylon."*)

COSTUMES. Where it is not possible to rent costumes they can be easily and cheaply made—unbleached muslin (factory) is very effective under lights, and can be dyed any color.

Dull colors, such as brown and dark green for the shepherds. The garment can be cut kimono shape, made to slip on over the head and long enough to blouse a little at the waist when tied with cord or string.

The Wise Men's robes should be brilliant in color—strips of gaily colored cretonne, sewed or pasted on adds to the richness. They should wear many strings of beads and bright turbans.

Herod's robes can be made of cheap shiny cambric and decorated with gilt paper pasted on in a design. The crown can be made of gilt paper with colored glass beads sewed on for jewels.

The hair and beards of the men can be made of the braided ropes of imitation hair which can be bought by the yard.

Mary should be robed in white, with a cloak of vivid blue.

SCENES

Scenes I and III. The country outside Bethlehem. Rocks can be made of piles of irregular boxes covered with canvas. Large branches of evergreens may be nailed to boards back of the boxes, so as to give the appearance of small growing trees. A blue back drop is needed to give the appearance of sky. The shepherd's fire is made by covering a flash light with red and yellow cheese cloth and placing a few sticks of wood over it.

Scene II. A room in the King's Palace. A high kingly chair placed on a raised platform and covered with rugs, gives the necessary atmosphere.

Scenes IV and V are the stable. Ideas for the stable may be had from some of the famous paintings of the Nativity. It should be large enough for the WISE MEN and shepherds to enter without being crowded—colored foot lights or spot lights should be used to cast a warm glow, as there should be a bright cheerful light over this scene. A box on legs forms a manger. Mary sits near on a stool and a flash light can be concealed in the manger so that Mary's face is illumined as she bends over the cradle.

If the stage is small, a runway should be arranged so that the Wise Men and shepherds can approach from the aisle of the hall.

MUSIC. The effect will be better if the angel singing and the choir are concealed from the audience. There should be transitional music between the scenes. The 23rd Psalm has been put to music and could be used following the scene with the shepherds.

NOTE

"We Three Kings of Orient," by J. H. Hopkins, a trio for male voices may be used to introduce Scene II. Handel's Messiah has a number of solos that may be used as transitional music between the Scenes.

STAR. The star can be made of bright tin or silver paper and hung from the ceiling by a small wire or thread. A spot light turned on the star gives it a bright effect.

If a stage is not available, these scenes can be given in the ward chapels as a series of tableaux, using colored spot lights.

PROLOGUE

THE Hebrew Patriarch laments the condition of his people.

"Woe, woe is me: old and worn though I am, to Bethlehem must I

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The Christmas Tree

By

Florence Hartman Townsend

Illustration by
PAUL S. CLOWES

"Oh, Flake, please take me home."
"Right now?"
"Yes, right now."

IN the ranch kitchen there was every evidence of approaching festivities. Mrs. Autrey was beating the batter for a huge fruit cake while her niece, Alene, sat on a high stool, her slender legs entwined with the legs of the stool, beating eggs. Three flaky mince pies cooled on the table while a batch of fudge bubbled on the stove.

"Oh, Aunty!" The rhythmic beating stopped and the egg whisk clattered on the edge of the platter. Alene looked up with brightening eyes. "Let's have a tree!"

Her aunt, a strong, masculine-appearing woman, looked up from testing the batter. "Huh?"

"Let's have a Christmas tree," Alene repeated, but her voice had lost some of its exuberant ring. She resumed her egg-beating with the air of one who had said or done the wrong thing.

Mrs. Autrey set the green crock down with a thud and looked at Alene with an expression of mingled pity and exasperation.

"A Christmas tree! No! What, in heaven's name would we do with a Christmas tree? We're not expecting any children here are we?"

Alene swallowed painfully, then bolstered her courage for one last effort. "But they're such fun and so pretty!"

"Bosh! They're messy, you mean, and expensive and silly—for grown folks. Give me them eggs. And there, you're fudge's boiled over! See what happens when your mind wanders off on such truck."

With resentfully flaming cheeks Alene rescued the fudge, set it aside to spoil utterly, and with head high marched out of the kitchen.

FOR a few minutes she stood undecided in her room, then she jerked on jacket and cap with much energy and went out of the house, defiantly choosing to leave by way of the kitchen.

Wherein a stubborn young lady insists on having a Christmas tree and some of the joys which accompany it.

Unfortunately Aunty's back was turned and her leavetaking lost some of its zest. She got a hand axe from the kindling box and put out over the range back of the sheepfolds and barns. Cedars were scarce enough in this section but Alene remembered having seen some few scrubby ones in the washes somewhere out there and she meant to have one. It would need to be a small one since she must set it up in her own room. Well, never mind, it would be a Christmas tree anyway.

Aunty got the batter for the big cake into the pan and the oven at last. She had concentrated so intently upon this important business that she had been only vaguely aware of Alene's departure. Now, as the sight of the fudge pan met her eye she recalled the incident with an exclamation. What did Alene mean by leaving the fudge for her to beat? Where had she gone anyway? She opened the door and looked out. Why, she was going out on the range with —. She yanked off her spectacles, wiped them on her apron, replaced them and looked again. Yes, she had an axe over her shoulder. Um. She didn't exactly like the set of Alene's head nor the vigorous way she was taking that slope. Alene could be troublesome when she set her head.

MRS. AUTREY came in and closed the door. Her lips were set. She marched to the telephone in the hall. A moment later this one-sided conversation might have been heard.

"That you, Flake?—This is Mrs. Autrey—I'm all right. Are you busy?—Well, Alene's took one of her stubborn spells and gone out on the range—Oh, she got a silly notion about wantin' a Christmas tree. The idea, at her age! If she's a kid, now—but it don't do to give in to 'er, Flake. She might's well learn right now she can't have everything her way in the world. Yes, I wish you would if you don't mind—Well —Goodbye."

Flake Bailey hung up the receiver and reached for his hat. A few minutes later he was swinging across the winter-bleached grassland at a pace that promised soon to overtake the shorter stride of the girl.

"Hey!"

Alene wheeled, smiling to meet his smile. They continued their walk together for some minutes in silence, Flake having relieved her of the axe and tucked her fingers into the crook of his arm.

"It does seem that when a fellow's best girl starts out for a winter walk that she'd just naturally let the fellow know so he could go too."

Alene looked up and down and blushed and chuckled.

"But when the best girl didn't know it herself until she'd started —" she laughed.

"And why didn't she know it?

A frown followed the smile. "Oh, Aunty No-Don't has got one of her stubborn spells on," she shrugged.

It was with difficulty that Flake maintained a sober exterior.

"And over simply nothing! I just wanted a Christmas tree."

'And she didn't, eh?"

"She didn't."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going after the tree! You'll help me, won't you?" She looked up at him appealingly.

"But if Aunty No-Don't says no, don't, why—"

"Why we'll just do it anyway! She's no cause to be so unreasonable. I don't ask for much, Flake, you know I don't."

"Of course I know it, precious," he said tenderly, "but still we must remember that—"

"Remember what? That I'm under obligations to her, I suppose. That I must be a sweet, obedient child so she'll will me her ranch. Well, I won't! I'm tired of being reminded that I'm beholden to Aunty. I'm tired of being afraid to call my soul my own because I'm under obligations to her. As if I haven't earned everything I've ever had there. The idea of having to ask Aunty if I may have a Christmas tree! I'll show her!"

"But it's Mrs. Autrey's house, Alene."

ALENE turned on him with blazing eyes. "There you go, taking up sides with her. I might have known—oh, I might have known you would! Lots you care about *me*, Flake Bailey, or for my pleasure. Lots you care whether I have a happy Christmas."

"Now Alene, listen to reason."

"I won't listen to anything. Go talk to Aunty, and don't ever speak to me again!"

She had flung herself from him and now plunged full tilt down the hill toward home, tears blinding her, sobs choking her, while Flake stood still and watched. He rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Poor kid. Aunty No-Don't *is* something of a trial."

The two of them had given her this name long since because it expressed so completely her perverse attitude toward everything others wanted to do.

Alene stopped at the barn long enough to have her cry out, then she entered the house by the front door and went quietly to her room. Once there she closed the door and began hastily packing a suitcase. She changed her frock, donned her best coat and hat, counted her money, and then with her suitcase in one hand and her purse in the other she went out to the garage. Her eyes brightened at sight of the mangy little car she had bought with her savings of two frugal years.

It was uncertain both as to age and disposition, but Alene loved it with almost a sisterly affection. She heaved in the baggage and seating herself behind the worn

steering wheel she soon had the motor whirring. No one could say truthfully that it purred, but its rattle was vigorous and reassuring. She backed it out and went bounding away in the direction of town.

FLAKE had stood looking after Alene for several minutes, then studied the toe of his boot and at last had swung off across the hill toward home. It *did* seem a shame the kid couldn't have a tree. But he knew Mrs. Autrey. She didn't want her immaculate house cluttered up with cedar boughs and drippings of candles and bits of tinsel and popcorn.

Mrs. Autrey did not worry about Alene after she sent Flake on her trail, and Flake did not worry about her after she left him. So it was not until Mrs. Autrey went upstairs and caught a glimpse of Alene's room in the utmost disorder that she learned the truth, for there was a note on Alene's dresser that told the whole story. It read: "I have gone to the city to live my own life and where I may have a Christmas tree if I want to. Goodbye forever. Alene."

MRS. AUTREY was too perturbed to appreciate the melodrama of the affair. She gave a desolate cry and flew to the phone. Her hysterical message brought Flake in shorter time than it takes to tell it, and he was soon reading with his own eyes the round girlish letters of Alene's note. He looked at it for a long time in order to hide the twinkle of amusement in his eyes. But it was no laughing matter with Mrs. Autrey, and when she commanded him to go immediately and bring her back before she came to some horrible end in the wicked city, Flake knew better than to argue. He set out at once, a great deal of sympathy in his heart for Alene.

It was no more than was to be expected that Alene should have tire trouble. Flake all but made the mistake of applying the brake and stopping when he saw her car parked in front of a service station with Alene nervously watching while a grease-smeared boy jacked up the rear wheel. At the first opportunity he turned into a side street and waited. It was a half hour before she resumed her journey, with Flake now on the trail, keeping as far behind as he dare not to lose her.

Alene had been to Derbyville before. She and her aunt had attended the state fair there the fall before and had taken rooms at a nice boarding house, the address and general location of which she remembered, and to that place she directed her now steaming chariot. She rented the choice front room upstairs. She wanted to sit at the great window and watch the traffic and listen to the strange city noises. She wanted to see the people on joyous holiday errands, coming home with bundles and holly wreaths and jolly little evergreens to set up before parlor windows. She loved the way the spruces by the doorways were ablaze with colored lights, and the windows hung with wreaths and ribbons. Everybody kept Christmas here, and it was so bustling and gay and alive! Best of all, she was going to be a part of it! She would buy a tree and light and decorate it and let its glory shine forth from her big front window for all the world to see—her very first Christmas tree! She settled herself with an ecstatic sigh. It would be a *lovely* Christmas!

FLAKE wired Mrs. Autrey: "Have my eye on Alene. Giving her a little rope. Don't worry. Flake."

But she worried just the same, as women are wont to do. Besides, with Alene and Flake both away the prospects for Christmas cheer seemed remote.

Selecting and trimming the tree was better fun, Alene told herself, than a whole barrel of monkeys. She dressed and redressed it, hung and rehung the bright festooning, the glittering bells, the tiny colored lights, until it could no longer be improved upon. When night came she turned on the lights, raised the shade and went outside to see how it looked from the street. It was beautiful! She was standing on the opposite side of the street admiring it with glowing pride which lit up her face and made her beautiful.

Then suddenly someone touched her elbow.

"Hello, kid. Lonesome?"

ALENE looked up into the face of a stranger. With a little choking cry she darted away and into the house, taking the stairs with quaking knees. Inside she locked herself in and sank to the floor terrified. She was afraid to move into the circle of light from the little tree lest the man in the street observe her. Finally she crawled on hands and knees to the side of the window and drew down the shade. She was alone in her room. The door was locked, the blind drawn. The gay little tree was fairly quivering with holiday spirit, but its magic was gone. Her heart no longer responded to its rich and varied glory, for it was gripped in the icy hand of fear. She wanted Flake, and Aunty.

A few minutes later a new chill shook her as a peal from the doorbell rang through the big old house. Somehow Alene knew it was for her. That man had followed! She could scarcely breathe for the heavy pounding of her heart. She laid a cold hand on her throbbing throat.

Mrs. Wilkins was calling her from downstairs.

"Miss Autrey, there's a gentleman here wants to see you. Says he's a friend of yours."

"No! No! I don't want to see him! He isn't any friend of mine."

She heard a laugh and pricked up her ears.

"Well, give her my best wishes for a merry Christmas anyway, and tell her the tree's a beauty."

Alene gasped, then plunged headlong for the stairway.

"Flake! Flake! is it you? I thought—I didn't know — Oh, I'm so glad you've come!"

He was waiting at the foot of the stairs, his arms outstretched. Alene ran into them. "Oh, Flake, please take me home."

"Right now?"

"Yes, right now."

"Get your things."

AS they threaded their way through the heavy Christmas

Eve traffic it seemed to Alene that it had grown blatant and weary and far too loud. She longed for the deep sweet silences of the plains, and was delighted at the speed Flake made, once out of the city. She settled back in her corner with a half regretful sigh.

"I did hate to leave my tree," she admitted presently, "but anyway I had it a little while."

It was ten o'clock when they reached home. The light in the living room had been visible for a mile. Alene had watched it with a slight rekindling of resentment. No doubt Aunty was spending Christmas Eve as she spent all her other evenings, reading or mending or balancing accounts.

ALENE sighed resignedly as she stepped out of the car and followed Flake in. The sudden gust of wind that entered with them fanned the flame of the lamp on the table and gave every object in the room a queer, unbalanced aspect. It made Alene's eyes hurt. She blinked them quickly. And then things looked queerer than ever. Aunty No-Don't was sitting on top of the step ladder beside an immense cedar tree, festoons of cranberries looped over one arm and yards of strung popcorn over the other. The woman gazed blankly a moment, then quick tears of happiness and relief sprang to her eyes.

"Oh, Alene, is it you? Well, it's a good thing you've come," she added, her tone changing, "I was just in the act of breaking my neck trying to trim this pesky tree. You'll have to finish it. And don't you dare get cranberries and popcorn on my carpet! I'm going to bed. I'm dead tired. Flake, you help her with that tree. And don't either of you get into them packages over there."

"All right, Aunty. And I think the tree is lovely," she said softly.

Her aunt said "Humph" and went out trying not to look pleased.

Flake and Alene turned to each other, laughing softly.

"Do Christmas trees matter so much, Alene?"

She shook her head. "I guess I just wanted to have my own way. I *dearly love* to have my own way, Flake."

Flake shook his head in mock seriousness. "I guess I ought to take warning, but I won't."

And he kissed her tenderly.

Canadian Commissioner of Immigration Pays Glowing Tribute to Improvement Era

By GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, JR.

FRED W. KERR has long been an enthusiastic and active friend of the "Mormon" people. He first contacted them in the Canadian stakes of the Church. In 1919, however, a close relationship was begun when he was the Commissioner of Immigration for the Dominion of Canada for the port of Liverpool. George Albert Smith was president of the European mission with headquarters at Liverpool and he at that time became acquainted with Mr. Kerr whose friendship and full confidence he rapidly won. Since then the two have corresponded regularly and have met each other personally at irregular intervals.

Mr. Kerr was subsequently transferred to Detroit in the United States where he represented his Government in the same capacity, that is, as Commissioner of Immigration. While there he visited meetings of the Church and has studied much of our literature.

Quite recently he has again been transferred back to England, Bristol being his headquarters.

Particularly interesting is his regard for and faith in the Book of Mormon, a copy of which is usually to be found on his desk, and he never loses an opportunity to speak highly of the book or of the people who regard it as holy scripture.

Commissioner Fred W. Kerr

Superintendent Smith of the Y. M. M. I. A., has sent the *Era* to Mr. Kerr regularly and the latter has on frequent occasions indicated his appreciation of this valuable magazine.

Writing from Bristol under date of July 30 he says:

"I have long wanted to write something for the *Era* but the talent displayed in it each month makes me feel my inferiority so keenly that I always hesitate about contributing. It is a great comfort to me, however, this splendid magazine. It is truly a messenger of brotherhood and of spiritual blessing. It reflects good will and positive teaching. Negative advice is all very well in its place but real constructive philosophy is what touches the heart today. The Saints are remarkable for their zeal, and their history is full of rich experiences, demonstrating the value not only of zealous industry but of a practical application of this to the religious, social and business life of the individual and the community.

"It has been to me of priceless worth to have found a people like yours and to know them as I do; and though I am now out of personal contact with them the power in the *Era* is so direct and personal that it is remarkable how far it goes toward supplying or compensating for the absent direct touch which I always prized beyond words. Even in these trying and hazardous times of economic chaos the cheery note and the feeling of trust and confidence are truly inspiring in the columns of the magazine."

Beauty *in the* Home

By

LUTIE H. FRYER

Professor of Home Economics
University of Utah

III

Balance

Example of formal balance in furniture arrangement.

EVERY beautiful room you admire is the offspring of some brain, the creation of some imagination. The success of such a room depends in a large measure upon correct balance; and, stated briefly, balance is the principle of arrangement through which rest or repose is obtained. If you will look at the opposite wall of the room in which you are sitting, you will find that your eye naturally gravitates to the center of the wall. There are objects on either side. If your wall is well balanced, the objects on the right side are equal in attraction to the objects on the left side. If you go into a room where most of the furniture is at one side, the room seems to tip, and you long to rearrange the furniture, or you feel uneasy if you see a large bouquet of flowers in a vase with a very small base; you feel that it is in danger of tipping over. The human mind is so constituted that it is readily disturbed at lack of balance.

The effect of repose is obtained by grouping objects and colors around a center in such a way that there is equal attraction on each side of that center. Lack of balance in a room is even more noticeable to the person whose eye is trained than poor design or the absence of a beautiful color scheme.

How to Secure Balance

A PERSON can learn to balance objects when told that balance works on the same principle as the see-saw. If two boys of the same weight play at see-saw they are placed the same distance from the center. If one boy is twice as heavy as the other, the heavier boy must move half way towards the center so that the smaller boy will be twice that distance from the center before balance can be obtained. Thus, equal weights will balance when they are the same distance from the center. If unequal, the heavier weight must be moved toward the center before balance is secured. Balance in an art problem can be explained as simply as balance in weights, the only difference being that it is not so much a question of how much the objects weigh, as how much attention they attract. To illustrtae this point; suppose we have two chairs which are the same size; one is upholstered in gray and the other in red. In placing them on either side of a fireplace or a window which is in the center of a wall, one would follow the same principle as for balancing unequal weights, and would place the chair done in red nearer the fireplace or window, while the less conspicuous chair, finished in gray, would be moved farther away. The brighter the red chair, the nearer it would have to come toward the center line; the duller the gray chair, the farther away it should be placed. All warm colors outweigh cool ones. Bright colors outweigh dull colors. Smooth surfaces outweigh dull surfaces.

There are two types of arrangements or balance; the first kind is formal balance and it is usually bisymmetrical. The second is called informal or occult balance, and this is unsymmetrical.

Formal Balance

WHEN objects are exactly alike and have, therefore, the same power of attracting attention the arrangement is spoken of as *formal balance*. This type of balance is easy to obtain because it can be measured. If objects are of the same size, and alike in appearance, as in the case of two candle sticks or two dining room chairs, they will attract the same amount of attention and therefore should be placed equal distances from the center. This type of balance is quite dignified and impressive, but mechanical. The human body is a good example of formal balance; two legs, two arms, two ears, two eyes,

and a mouth and nose in the middle of the face. Every room needs a certain amount of formal balance to insure dignity.

Informal Balance

IF objects differ in size, shape or color, or, in other words, are different in their ability to attract attention, the arrangement is referred to as informal or occult balance. The successful use of this form of balance depends upon training the eye to recognize restful arrangement. It is more difficult to arrange, but more satisfactory when well done. The Japanese make use of informal balance in their prints. In applying the principles of informal balance to a room, the pieces of furniture which are lighter and more easily movable are the ones to arrange in informal balance, leaving the heavier and more stable pieces of furniture to be placed in formal balance.

This house presents a striking illustration of formal balance. Below is shown a type of occult balance.

Balance in Interior Design

A WELL-BALANCED wall will have the same amount of attraction on each side of its central line, likewise a well-balanced room will have practically the same amount of attraction on opposite walls; and although the two side walls may be a little heavier than the end walls, there should be a feeling that the attractions are about equally distributed around the room.

In placing furniture in a room the architectural openings must be considered. As a general rule balance is secured by having a large piece of furniture on one side of a room as a balance to an opening on the opposite wall. Large pieces of furniture are generally balanced symmetrically. The smaller movable objects in the room are generally arranged so that they form convenient groups as well as balance units.

If a davenport is placed at right angles to a fireplace an unbalanced effect may result. If the room is large and two davenports are used, they may balance each other; but if only one is used beside the fireplace, it is necessary to place something on the other side to form a balance. An upholstered chair with a small table and lamp would make a successful balance. This arrangement is more desirable than one which places the sofa in front of the fireplace with a table behind it. With such an awkward arrangement the occupants of the sofa may be too warm, while the other occupants of the room are literally left out in the cold. Such furnishing is awkward and inhospitable.

The character of a room generally determines which type of balance is to be used. Formal balance gives an impression of dignity; for that reason a reception hall, library, and dining room will stand a much larger amount of this sort of balance than a living room. If the fireplace is in the center of one of the walls, we have a formal balance to begin with, and the mantel may be treated in like manner or we may introduce informal balance. The living room should suggest sociability and the use of informal balance or a combination of both types produce the quality of friendliness or intimacy far more than formal balance. A piano at one end of a room may be balanced by a secretary or bookcase placed against the opposite wall. The sofa may be placed in the center of a side wall space and could be balanced by a table, chair and lamp placed against the opposite wall or by a window and chair. The chairs and small

(*Continued on page* 123)

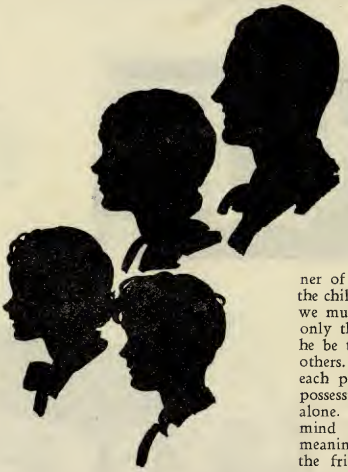
Informal balance is present in this charming room.

Social Relationships*

III

By

Adah R. Naylor



ROBINSON CRUSOE on his desert isle could do as he pleased because he had only himself to consider—but who wants to live on a desert isle? All of us feel that we would enjoy doing just as we please, and some of us occasionally crave solitude, but — "man was not made to live alone." There is within us a hunger or urge, which forces us to seek the company of our fellow beings. Alone we come into the world, and alone we go out of it, but while here we yearn for companionship.

If we are to be happy and if we are to develop worthy personalities, this companionship, which we instinctively seek, must be mutually pleasant and agreeable—in other words we must be able to acquire friends. Practically all the pleasures of life come through human contacts, the entire history of the lives of most of us is made up of the daily contacts with our family, our friends, our neighbors and fellow-workers. It would seem, then, that one of the most desirable things in life is the ability to make ourselves acceptable to the people with whom we associate;—or, in the terms of the psychologist, the ability to adjust ourselves to our human environment. Our problem then is—how to acquire the ability to make this adjustment.

Family Life

WE are all born into some sort of "family life," which in early childhood constitutes our entire world. If the family is a happy one and our early training is right we make the transition into school life and community life without difficulty, because we act to the world in general as we formally did to our family. Unfortunately many of us get a wrong start —sometimes through neglect, but more often through too much indulgence and attention—and we are forced in later life by hard knocks, or altered circumstances to make corrections in our socially acquired habits. Lacking this correction we go through life a misfit —a useless citizen.

Early Training

THERE is nothing in family life— or the world in general for that matter—which causes more trouble than the question of *possessions*. The impulse or desire to possess things manifests itself early. The child at the age of two years begins to develop a sense of individual ownership. Given a toy which he likes he makes it a part of himself and later comes to recognize it as an individual possession. This natural impulse must be guarded and trained—as, when carried too far, the individual becomes selfish and greedy; thwarted, he becomes careless of the property rights of others and fails to provide for his own future.

Possessions which come to us as a gift we seldom make wholly our own, because some of the personality of the giver remains in the gift. It is only the thing which we *create, discover* or *earn* that becomes wholly and completely our own. Aunt Mary gives her small nephew a knife. He likes it because it is something he can use, but it never becomes wholly his for the reason that he always thinks of it as *the knife Aunt Mary gave him.* But let him discover a discarded knife in a rubbish heap, old and rusty though it may be, and it instantly becomes something to be treasured as his own. This explains the value placed by the small boy in the contents of his pockets—odd pieces of string, an old door knob, bits of a broken mirror, nails and what not, and the little girl's collection of bright buttons, fancy pins and bits of colored cloth, which she tucks away in a corner of a chest or drawer. They are the child's individual possessions which we must recognize and value, because only through his property rights can he be taught respect for the rights of others. The child soon learns that each person in the home has certain possessions which belong to him alone. Having this fact fixed in his mind and understanding fully the meaning of *thine* and *mine*, he escapes the friction which the undisciplined must endure. He knows:

That members of a family do not use each other's belongings without first asking permission;

That letters, telegrams, messages of any kind are individual property and are not to be read by various members of the family;

That *privacy* and *time* are both individual possessions and people living under the same roof should not feel that the close relationship permits them to infringe on these possessions;

That *ideas, tastes* and *desires* are also individual property and should not be criticised unless they are harmful to the owner or the family group;

That banging doors and shouting from room to room is being inconsiderate of others;

That family affairs are individual matters and never to be discussed before other people—in short he knows that he should try to apply the golden rule to daily living.

Collective Ownership

IN addition to the problem of individual property rights there is the more difficult question of *collective possessions*, or *collective ownership*. Fortunate is the parent who can instill into the home life the feeling of "One for all and all for one"—the willingness to deny self for the good of the group. Much of the quarreling in families is due to struggle of the various members to protect what they con-

*The book, "The Right Thing at all Times," published by the General Boards of M. I. A., gives an excellent presentation of subjects related to the above.

sider is their share of the collective possessions or rights. For example, John and Edward both wish to use the family automobile on the same evening. It may be John's turn to take it but Edward feels that his engagement is of the utmost importance and therefore he should be allowed to have it—a disagreement follows—sister Mary expresses her opinion—mother and father are drawn into the controversy and everybody is upset. There are times when it would take the wisdom of a Solomon to settle these questions. We are all human and we cannot expect, or exact perfection from anyone, so that the only solution is to develop a spirit of sportsmanship—a willingness to adjust ourselves to a mode of give and take.

It sometimes helps in the struggle to regulate properly the home life, if we can see that the problems of our little world closely resemble the problems of the big world outside. Said Germany, "We admit starting action along the Western front by marching soldiers through Belgium, but if the Belgians hadn't resisted they wouldn't have been hurt." Said Frank, when he and his brother John were called on to explain a great "splotch" of blackberry pie on the dining-room wall—"Mother, I admit throwing the pie, but it's John's fault that it is on the wall; he shouldn't have dodged."

One of the best books ever written on family life is Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to his Children. Seldom does he instruct and little is said in the way of discipline, but as we read we realize that by example and by constantly holding up ideals he helps his children to organize their wants and in the language of Dr. Overstreet "leads them to want the things that are worth wanting." We teach best by example and Theodore Roosevelt was so right in his family relationships there was little need for "preachments." He constantly holds Mrs. Roosevelt before the children in all the phases of her womanhood—she is their mother—his wife and sweetheart. Writing to Theodore, Jr., who was away at college, he gives an account of the Thanksgiving festivities in the White House, and then adds "Your mother was so pretty in a new pink dress, and I had a lovely waltz with her." Another time he writes delightfully of a trip made by Mrs. Roosevelt and himself into the woods of Virginia, and he stresses the fact that they were seeking undisturbed companionship. Boys who grow up in an atmosphere of this kind have naturally a high regard for their mother—and for all womankind. And when attitude is right correct manners are easily acquired.

No boy can be rude to his sister and thoughtless of his mother, and hope to present a charming manner to the outside world, any more than he can expect to eat with his knife at home and then manage his fork nicely in company. Of all the so-called deadly sins, "company manners" are the deadliest. Nobody can get by with them—the cracks and seams will always show, bringing embarrassment and trouble. *Good manners* are not *things* to be put on and taken off with party clothes—they are the outward expression of a right mental attitude.

Introducing the New Managing Editor

Continued from page 67

from the Oneida Stake Academy in 1905. He taught school for one year on Cub River, and then went to the University of Idaho at Moscow for one winter.

In January, 1909, he married Miss Edna Johnson of Preston, and in April of the same year, he left for a mission to Ireland, where he remained for about 26 months. Returning from his mission in 1911, he taught school in Preston for the following ten years, except for one year spent at Utah Agricultural College in Logan. This was the winter of 1915-16, in the spring of which he was granted the degree of bachelor of science with a major in English. Most of these ten years in Preston were spent as teacher in the Oneida Stake Academy. At one time, he was business manager of the local newspaper, and was a constant contributor to its editorial columns.

In 1921, President Franklin S. Harris secured his appointment as instructor in English at Brigham Young University. He has been with the Church University since that time, being gradually promoted in rank, until at the present time he is Professor of Journalism.

In the summer of 1927 he was a student in the Medill school of journalism at Northwestern University. During the school year, 1929-30, he was a student at the Pulitzer School of Journalism at Columbia University in New York City, from which institution he received the M. S. degree in 1930. His thesis was entitled, "A History of Mormon Church Publications."

PROFESSOR MERRILL is widely known for his ability as a writer. Very early in life he manifested a definite talent for literary creation. During his college days at Logan he was associate editor of the school paper and a regular contributor to it. It was there that he commenced his vernacular rhymes, under the pseudonym of "Rube Harrison." In 1918 he published privately a volume of verse which he called "Rimes of the Rockies." In 1925 appeared another volume of verse, "Poems of the West," of which he and I were joint authors. In 1926, he published a volume of short stories, under the title of "Bart of Kane County and Other Stories."

Since his return from New York, Professor Merrill has written short stories and poems with increasing facility. His name has appeared as frequently probably in the various church magazines and publications as that of any other contributor.

While he has written for many periodicals, the work that has won for him the largest following has been the stories which have appeared in the *Improvement Era* during the past few years. In these stories he has caught the imagination of the youth of the Church as few writers have been able to do.

UNDOUBTEDLY it was his achievement in thus capturing the young readers of the *Era*, which led so many people to think of him as a worthy successor to Brother Hugh J. Cannon. He did not solicit the job; the job sought him. His appointment to this important position by the Editor, President Heber J. Grant, acting upon the recommendation of the general officers of the M. I. A., has met with unusually wide approval, and bespeaks for him a high degree of support and cooperation.

Professor Merrill by training, temperament, and experience is exceptionally well qualified for his new position. These qualities, with those of loyalty, industry, and unselfish devotion, so characteristic of him, will assure him great success in building the "Era" into one of the leading journals of the west.

To My Daughters

By Mary B. Stokes

'TWAS joy and prayers and fears you brought to me,
When first I knew your souls were winged from Heaven.
Later came a vast peace and compensating happiness
When your downy heads were safely pillowed
In my waiting arms.

Long since have I forgotten anxious hours,
Nights and nights of broken rest,—
The care-filled days, when every moment
Had its task for you.

Memories I cherish are of your first faltering steps
That led you to my arms,—
Your dimpled smiles disclosing tiny pearls,—
The little sounds my loving heart construed to mean my name—
Baby hands—baby feet—
Now grown to maidenhood!

I live my youth again in you, your tasks, your friendships,
And your accomplishments.
This youth of yours I live again is richer far than mine.
What wealth of thought, freedom, beauty, progress is here for you.
I join with you and revel in it.

I have a prayer in my heart where e'er you are
That you may miss the evil and choose the good,
That you may learn to do your part with understanding and cheerfulness,—
And above all have reverence for the word and works of God.
And as the years go by I hope to see in you
Some of my girlhood dreams, deferred, come true.

Query

By C. N. and Christie Lund

DRIFTING sands, time's myriad, drifting sands,
What records of the past abide with you!
What vanities and prides that man once knew
Have come to rest within your ruthless hands!
Where Babylon once stood your ruin stands;
Your greyness mocks the "Glory that was Greece,
The grandeur that was Rome." When will men cease
To build such stuff as meets your grim demands?

O sands, but lift your veil and let me see
What this, our proud Columbia must give
When you shall take your toll in time to be.
Is she destined to dust? Or will she live
When pride has come to naught and only worth
Can keep her crowned, "The promised land of earth"?

Hugh J. Cannon

GOD called—
His son who planted firm
His Gospel in the earth:
Who called to men: "Repent!
Atone!"

God called
The crimson shaft of death
Struck to the noble heart;
And we are left to mourn,
Alone.

God called
A righteous writer home
To aid His cause on high—
He gives another here
The light to carry on!
—*Weston N. Nordgren.*

By Candle Light

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

I CANNOT stand in Bethlehem
Beneath the ancient stars;
I cannot see the manger low
Or touch the stable bars.

I cannot see the shepherds come
Or travelers that rejoice;
I cannot see the mother's face
Or hear her happy voice.

But I may pass a window space
And see the pristine awe—
Such glory hov'ring o'er a child
As once the wise men saw!

The Sail

By Jennie Porter

A SHIMMERING sail on a silver sea,
A mellow moon, moping, morbidly—
A world where there's only you and me—
A night—and a song of our fealty.

A veil of a cloud o'er a sea of stars
A memory from a fragrant past
That has left, on our souls, its share of scars,
To keep us remembering, to the last.

But the sail remains on the shining bay,
Where our ship is moored to await the dawn,
When we seal our compass and drift away
To those yesterdays, where the past has gone.

Mother, I Love You

By Grant Redford

MOTHER, I love you; these words convey my sincere thoughts for you.
They are not words of flame, cut to stay in steel; just words most true
Which lie engraven on my heart.

I write not to motherhood throughout the world. I write to *you*.
My heart will carry, there is no doubt, this love, when tempered and true
Steel, will be but red powder—rust.

I can not wildly shout to passing winds; I love you other ways:
A low sincere fire, surpassing wind-swept flame, O mother,
A silent sigh, uttered alone.

In longing for you near, tells more my heart than boisterous song.
Dear, I love you—even now I sigh; and sighing, sing along
My way, holding dear your memory.

The Temple

By Ora Lewis

BEAUTY in the silence of gray walls
Behind whose tight-shut gates you stand
Solemn and still.
Your silhouetted finger tips
Striking boldly into the dim, turbulent sky.
And on your highest pinnacle
A golden image
Dark against the coming night.

Could one but catch the mystic marvel of it all
And give it breath eternally
Upon the whiteness of an empty page!

Could one but pour that stirring silentness
Into the silver cup of speech
And give it unto me to drink!

One must delve deep into the heart of yesterday
If he would find the secret
Of the spell that binds today:

Great granite walls!
And pointed pinnacles!
And forty years of dragging to and fro
Sick with the weariness of endless days
Stunned with the heaviness of endless work. . .
And ever—and forever in the heart
Aching and hunger unexplained . . .
And then—a new-born miracle
Silence—and a dulcet peace
Beauty—and a breath of God
Freedom—and a promising
Of life eternal!

O great gray granite walls—builded for me,
O daring spires of hope
You have reached out past Time and Space
Into the bosom of Eternity!

Glancing Through

*Brief Summary of Magazine Articles**

By

ELSIE TALMAGE BRANDLEY

Shortening the Social Distance

By LOWRY NELSON

(*From the National Kiwanis Magazine Sept.*, 1931)

THIS article begins with the direct question: How may the social distance between the farmer and business man be shortened? Physical distance has been shortened by the motor; but social distance, being concerned with attitudes, likes and dislikes and other feelings of various sorts, is more difficult to bridge. Social distance between town and country has long existed, in spite of the periodic attempts made to lessen it, these efforts being indicative of a growing consciousness of common interests between the two groups.

The independence which once belonged to farmers no longer exists, due to the expansion of commercial agriculture which depends upon town market agencies for farm produce. Middle-men handle agricultural goods, and so has grown up increasing interdependence between farmer and business man, and as a by-product has sprung up crops of ill will and antagonism which should be displaced with a heavy planting of goodwill, understanding and cooperation.

The cooperation which has come is not between geographical units, but cooperation on a basis of commodity-interest. Citrus fruits in California; more citrus fruits in Florida; the growers of these units to sell their own products and to weld their strength against competitors! But the movement could be made much more effective if the farm and business groups would try to understand each other, and bring about changes in the attitudes which have fostered antagonism.

Among these attitudes are: *First*, a feeling of social superiority, doubtless hanging over from the time when a farmer was a serf of the soil and had no social standing in any community; *second*, the exploitation of farmers by sharpers who, recognizing the fundamental honesty of these men, and their isolation, have made them easy marks in business ways; *third*, the feeling that farmers have no de-

sire for the culture of other classes; *fourth*, the fact that cartoonists and jokesters have made Farmer Corntassel, the Hayseed, a national source of fun.

The farmer's attitudes are based on the following misconceptions: An inferiority complex, resulting from the superiority of those who have long considered the farmer an under dog; reverence for the achievements of the city—because the miracles of industry baffled him, he came to regard them as part of another world of mystery; that there seemed no escape from his lot, and so it became almost fatalistic. Feeling helpless in the face of providence and the buyers of his produce, he took what he could get and was submissive.

But times are changing, and officers of Farm Bureaus are analyzing conditions and keeping the farmer informed in ways by which he can come into his own. There are certain things which farmers can do, and are doing, which will solve many of their problems. Among these are: to acquire an understanding of banking and other business principles; to learn the detailed methods of distribution, by which he will see the difficulties of the other fellow and will regard him with charity and understanding; to develop an attitude of cooperation with his fellow farmers, which is one form of education. Ignorance is the greatest foe of cooperation among farmers, as it is between farmers and business men.

There are, as well, certain steps for the business man to take. The first thing is for him to make complete the change in his attitude toward farmer, ceasing to regard him as a hayseed, and looking upon him as a fellow business man, not inferior in any way, and superior in many. The second step is to encourage a higher standard of living in farming communities, by which condition the city would benefit in the long run, for the city of necessity must take the overflow of the farm, when rural communities have reached a maximum of population, and it is to their advantage to have this influx of a superior quality. The nation produces four million more children in the country than it does in the city, and at least two million of these will go to the city to live, and so such problems as education cannot be divided into rural district problems and urban, but must be regarded as a State problem of joint concern.

If children in cities only are to have the benefit of superior educational advantages, the state will suffer, for advancement in education and culture can proceed only as fast as the mass is given advantage of training along these lines. Unless children born on farms are given advantage of the same grade of education as the children of urban families, the state is not discharging its obligations fairly.

In conclusion, the author states his belief in the efficacy of two things in solving the differences pointed out. He says that "the process of securing recognition by the farmer will be greatly accelerated as he gains collective strength to bargain with the organized forces on the other side of the commercial fence." The other thing is the element of ethics—"the otherwise unmitigated selfishness of the strife might be greatly tempered, and much harshness and crudity removed, by a constant reminder of the higher social virtues of sympathy, understanding and plain old brotherly love." Ethics do not dominate the economics of today, but certainly may prove ameliorative, in many instances, and cannot be ignored.

Era Directors

Nell Earl
Moapa Stake

Jesse Whipple
Moapa Stake

ENCOURAGING results are being reported from all parts of the Church in the *Improvement Era* campaign, which was conducted October 11 to 18. Kanab, Maricopa, Moapa, Curlew, San Francisco, St. Johns and Taylor Stakes are over the top. Lyman, South Davis, Bear Lake, Alberta, Zion Park, Oneida, Pocatello, Cache and Lehi stakes are over 75%. Kolob, Montpelier, Ensign, Lost River, South Sanpete, Franklin, Union, South Sevier, Snowflake and Teton Stakes are over 65%. Deseret, Ogden, Nampa, Raft River, Star Valley, St. George, Portneuf, Big Horn, Juarez, Yellowstone, Juab, Uintah, Idaho Falls and Wasatch Stakes are over 60%. Hyrum, Sevier, Boise, Morgan, Logan, Woodruff, Alpine, Box Elder, Mt. Ogden, North Davis and San Juan stakes are over 50% of their quota. This report is as of November 8th, 1931.

Ensign leads in the number of subscriptions sent in, with 532; 450 have been received from Liberty; 429 from Ogden; 383 from Maricopa; 350 from Pocatello; 345 from Utah; 330 from Moapa; 330 from South Davis; 330 from Cache; 320 from California Mission; and 300 from Grant Stake.

Las Vegas Ward of Moapa Stake and Bay Branch of the California Mission have reported more than 300% of their quota. Rosette Ward of Curlew Stake, Pine Ward of Maricopa, Logandale and St. Thomas Wards of Moapa Stake, have reported more than 250% of their quota. Cedron Ward of Teton Stake and Moccasin

O. C. Bowman
Kanab Stake

Ward of Kanab Stake have sent in more than 200% of their quota.

Park Valley and Snowville Wards of Curlew Stake; Oak City Ward of Deseret; Alton Ward of Kanab; Bunkerville and Littlefield Wards of Moapa; Bern Ward of Montpelier; Slide Ward of Morgan; Eden Ward of Ogden; Glencoe Ward of Oneida; Sunset Ward of San Francisco; Joseph City and Windsor Wards of Snowflake Stake; Mt. Glen of Union Stake; Springdale Ward of Zion Park; Welling Ward of Taylor Stake; Billings and Butte Branches of the North Central States Mission, have all gone over 150% of their quota.

Kuna Ward of Boise Stake; Ben-

Golda Lilya
San Francisco Stake

W. Glen Harmon
San Francisco Stake

Velma Meldrum
Taylor Stake

Win Success

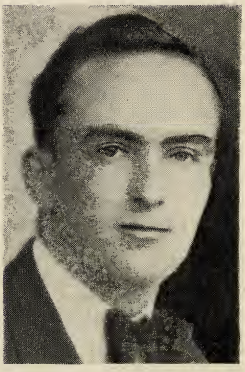
Harriet Chamberlain
Kanab Stake

son Ward of Cache; Storrs Ward of Carbon; Stone Ward of Curlew; Springville 2nd Ward of Kolob; Darlington Ward of Lost River; Alamo and Panaca Wards of Moapa; South Weber Ward of Mt. Ogden; Clearfield Ward of North Davis; Farr West Ward of No. Weber Stake; American Falls and Pocatello 1st Wards of Pocatello; Alpine Ward of St. Johns; Miami Ward of St. Joseph Stake; San Francisco Ward of San Francisco Stake; Freedom Ward of Star Valley Stake; Driggs Ward of Teton; Orton Ward of Lethbridge; Mt. View, Glenwood and Taylorsville Wards of Alberta Stake; Fourth Ward of Montpelier Stake; Magrath 1st of Taylor Stake; and Palisade Ward of Teton Stake, have all sent in more than 125% of their quota.

The Thatcher Ward of Bannock Stake; Laketown, Liberty, Paris 1st, Paris 2nd and St. Charles Wards of Bear Lake Stake; Hagerman of Blaine Stake; Mantua and Harper of Box Elder; Worland of Big Horn; North Logan, Logan 4th and 9th Wards of Cache Stake; Juniper and Mt. View of Curlew; Lynndyl of Deseret; Union Ward of East Jordan; 12-13th and University Wards of Ensign; Fairview, Lenrose, Preston 1st and 5th Wards of Franklin Stake; Teton Ward of Fremont; Boyle Heights, El Segundo and Elysian Park Wards of Hollywood; 2nd Ward of Hyrum Stake; 2nd, 4th and Coltman Wards of Idaho Falls; Fredonia, Glendale, Orderville, and Kanab Wards of Kanab Stake; Springville 4th of Kolob; Cedar Valley, and 5th Wards of Lehi; 8th Ward of Liberty Stake; Logan 1st, 8th, Providence 1st and River Heights Wards of Logan Stake; Lost River Ward of Lost River Stake; Rock Springs and Lyman Wards of Lyman Stake; Reynolds of Malad; Chandler, Lehi, Mesa 2nd, 3rd, 4th, Phoenix 1st, 2nd, and Tempe Wards of Maricopa; Overton and Caliente of Moapa; Pegram, and Wardboro Wards of Montpelier; Uintah Ward of Mt. Ogden; Marriott Ward of No. Weber; Branch for Deaf and Middleton Wards in Ogden; Preston 4th and Treasureton Wards of Oneida; 26th of Pioneer; Inkom, 2nd and Rockland Wards of Pocatello; Arimo, Swan Lake and Virginia Wards of Portneuf; Albion of

(*Continued on page* 98)

Francelle Johnson
Maricopa Stake



Jack Cummard
Maricopa Stake

Jay Rothlisberger
St. Johns Stake

Anna Eliason
Curlew Stake

James Palmer
Curlew Stake

President Charles W. Nibley

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it about six feet to the square. It had no windows and a part of a quilt served as a door. The chimney built by his father was of cobblestone and mud. Referring to it President Nibley says, "That chimney never knew enough to draw the smoke up, but spewed it out and filled the room."

Quoting again he says: "My dear old mother has stated on many occasions that no queen whoever entered her palace was ever happier or prouder of shelter and the blessings of the Lord than she was when she entered the completed dugout."

SPEAKING of the first winter he says: "That winter everybody in Wellsville had the itch. Of course we were included in the number. There were no vegetables except potatoes; there were no lemons or acids to counteract the acid in the blood, so it broke out in hives or itch. Old Davy Moffatt, who crossed the plains in the hand cart company the same summer that we came, left his home in Salt Lake and somehow or other landed in Wellsville as he had no work to do, merely came up to visit us. We entertained him of course the best we could in our dugout—fancy entertaining anybody in a place like that—and while we did not have any Christmas present to give him, we did manage to give him the itch. He went home after a short visit and a little later Johnny McCarty was making a trip to Salt Lake for something or other and I begged the privilege of going with him and seeing if I could not get work. We got to Salt Lake City in due time and I went down and stayed at Moffatt's, down in the Third ward. I remember going to Walker Brothers store and asking one of the Walker brothers if they would not hire a boy to help do chores or help do clerking in the store, but they said they were not in need of any help just at that time. At Moffatt's in the evening old Davy would be scratching his back and I remember very well his saying to me: 'Mon, when you gang hame tell your faather (and this while he was scratching away at his back) tell your faather to send me doon a muckle hawthorne stick.' "

Two long and dreary winters were spent in the dugout. It was a scramble of the severest kind for a mere existence. To begin at the very beginning and make the earth produce their food and shelter was severe experience through which many pioneers passed.

As a boy he did anything and everything he could get to do. For two seasons he herded sheep on the Wellsville hills.

NOTE the significance of what follows! One is led to exclaim: How did it happen? "I borrowed from one of the Mitton boys a book of Shakespeare's plays, the first I had ever seen, and although I had never been in a theatre, had never seen a play performed, yet I took so to those plays of Shakespeare that I read and reread them and committed many passages to memory, which I can bring forward even to this day."

Continuing he says: "That summer I got hold of a copy of Burns' poems and I would carry it with me as I was driving my sheep about, and I committed many of those poems to memory. Bob Baxter, who was with me some of the time that summer, is wont to tell, even to this day, that while he was fooling away his time playing, I was studying Burns' poems and reading every other book that I could get hold of. Burns has been my favorite from that day to this. It was easy for me to talk Scotch and I always did enjoy it all thoroughly."

Thus he became familiar with Shakespeare, Burns ,and the Bible, three great masterpieces of literature. These were his text books and he knows them. He is an educated man, and he got a precious part of it alone, herding sheep on the hills of Wellsville. Is there any boy too poor to go to such a school? One of the secrets of his great achievements is revealed here. We have in this boy —left to his own resources, alone herding sheep—a prophecy of the man.

We fancy that he read often and treasured these lines from the great Scotch poet, took them to heart, and followed their admonition.

"To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That's justified by honour;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent."

TO hasten with the story we read again from his writings: "Early in the month of December, 1907, President Smith sent for me to come to the President's office. He said to me, 'Charlie, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints needs a Presiding Bishop and you have been chosen for that place.' Of course it was a surprise to me. I had never dreamed of acting in that office. But I was glad and even anxious to do anything I could to assist President Smith in his administration of the Church affairs. And I told him so. He took me in his arms and kissed me and wept tears of joy as he embraced me and blessed me, as he only can do."

The new Bishop was fifty-eight years of age and in the prime of life. He brought to this calling the strength and devotion of his great heart and the accumulated wisdom of a large and varied experience. He was an executive of recognized and transcendent ability and with his accustomed zeal undertook the arduous work of his office. The entire temporal structure of the Church felt the vitalizing touch of a master hand and results were soon manifest. During the eighteen years which he served as Presiding Bishop the Church made remarkable progress

spiritually and financially. He was a factor in it.

In 1918 President Joseph F. Smith passed away and in 1925 Bishop Nibley became counselor to President Heber J. Grant.

Referring to the death of President Smith he says:

"October 19, 1918, my dearest and best friend, my most lovable and precious brother, President Joseph F. Smith, passed from this sphere to his reward in the life beyond. This brought the greatest sorrow into my life, for to me he was my ideal. If I could only be assured that I would be worthy to associate with him in the hereafter I would be happy indeed."

In a tribute which was published at the time in the *Improvement Era,* he says: "No heart ever beat truer to every principle of manhood and righteousness and justice and mercy than his; that great heart, encased in his magnificent frame, made him the biggest, the broadest, the tenderest, the purest of all men who walked the earth in his time."

CHARLES W. NIBLEY was hardly seventeen when the Civil War ended. The construction of the great transcontinental railroad was soon under way. Money was plentiful; times were prosperous; and he was ready when his opportunity came. At an early age he began in a small way to accumulate some means and to discover himself.

At twenty he was married; at forty he had accumulated a fortune; at sixty he was the Presiding Bishop of the Church; at seventy-six a member of the First Presidency—a man distinguished for his wisdom and the soundness and splendor of his character.

His diversified interests and absorbing responsibilities in the great world of affairs in which he moved never submerged nor dimmed his interest in the Church nor engrossed his time to the exclusion of better things. His life is built upon an ampler scale than his fortune. In fact during his very busiest years he filled two missions. He and his nine sons have spent more than twenty years preaching the Gospel as missionaries. He has not only given generously of his substance to the Church, but he has given liberally of his time and his great ability. It is doubtful if, in the aggregate, any man in all the history of this Church has paid more in dollars and cents into its treasury, and the men are indeed few who have actually given more time in its service.

He has seventeen living children, fifty-one grand-children and three great-grand-children, and his family is the pride of his heart.

President Charles W. Nibley has read widely and prudently. He has a discriminating, luminous, and absorbent mind. He possesses the rare capacity to analyze quickly any problem, no matter how intricate or complex. Clear and decisive in his conclusions, established and unwavering in his faith, he stands on the summit of eighty-two years a staunch and patriotic American, a kind husband, a devoted father, a wise and congenial counselor, a courageous, God-fearing and benevolent leader of men.

Eddies of Life

Continued from page 75

episodes that come before him day after day are merely its eddies, just as mysterious and unexplainable as the river waters.

Take, for instance, the Trant case, with its conflicting elements of humor and tragedy. Trant was a little man not five feet tall; apologetic in a way, yet to a degree assertive. By some trick of fate he had married a widow, who by nature might have been designed for an athlete. Nearly six feet, she towered in physical strength, and with the combative qualities that would have fitted her for an Amazon. With them were three children, a boy and a girl and a babe in arms. The last a child of Trant's. The boy, a pugnacious gamin, was nearly as tall as his stepfather, with more decision, and a more voluble tongue.

The charge against the man is "failure to support." He is legally classified as a "lazy husband." He must provide a stated amount for his family, put up a bond for such provision, or go to jail.

Here they stand in Court to tell their story. The woman complains: "He works away from home, sends me no money, and then comes home for Winter to live on what we have saved from our own work."

THE man's defense, spluttered half defiantly: He would stay home and do his best, but no sooner does he come inside the door—if only to see his baby—than he meets with oaths and insults from his wife and her two children. To the judge's surprised inquiry if it is true that they swear at the defendant, they quite freely admit that they do. The wife says they all use profane language in the home; but as an overwhelming counter-charge, the man had hit John in the back with a hammer thrown at him. This charge Trant admits, saying: "I was so mad I couldn't help it."

What to do! Put the man in jail at county expense, for it is certain he could get no bond; or, set him free with advice and warning? The shade of Roosevelt looks down and awaits a just decision.

Through lack of employment, perhaps, the man cannot provide. He must do his best and that is all that can be expected of him. He is given permission to see his child occasionally, and is warned that he must earnestly seek for work; in the meantime sentence is suspended.

As for the woman, she is informed that she is not entirely clear of blame. If the sovereign state of which she is a citizen is advised that her home is a school for advanced lessons in profanity, her children will be taken from her.

What perverse fate—what contrary eddy threw this incongruous pair together? They will be sucked under and torn apart, the judge is sure of that.

THEN there is that never-ending stream of the needy. These have weighed heavily upon the judge's stooped shoulders. He knows that in handling public funds he must be cold. He simulates, as best he can, the frigid face of a bank cashier as he stands at the counter to listen to the story of a man. Here, thinks the judge, is not a man who needs assistance; his face is clean, as are his shirt and overalls, but there is a deep look in his eyes; their depths are gloomy with despair. "What's the matter," says the judge, "you're not sick, are you? You look able-bodied and strong." "I'm strong enough," says the

man, and he shows the palms of his hands covered with hard callouses. "I can work—I do work when I can find it, but we are out of food, and my children will be hungry tonight if I don't get help from someone." A mist is forming over the man's eyes. What is there to do? Hold him up until time for an investigation? Business and perhaps the law say "yes." Humanity says "no." The man signs an affidavit to prove his dependency, and is given an order for food, with the warning that tomorrow an investigator will visit his home.

Swept in by a complex eddy of circumstances is quite a different case. A rather confident young woman stands before the judge. "I must have some help," she says.

"For what reason?" asks the judge.

"They have my husband behind the bars, and as long as they have him penned, they will have to keep me," says the girl.

"Why don't you go home to your folks?" asks the judge.

"O they have a large family, and don't have to keep me," is the reply.

"What is your man in for?" is the next question.

"They said he was bootlegging, but he wasn't," she says.

"O yes he was," the judge ventures, "or they could not have convicted him. You knew he was bootlegging, didn't you?"

The only answer is a guilty look in the girl's face. Now the judge hardens and a little sand is in his voice as he pronounces his decision. "You have no claim upon the public. There are many men, and yours is probably one of them, who figure that if they break the law and are caught, they will have six months' free board and their families will be kept as well. There is no punishment in that, but rather an encouragement of lawlessness. No, you will have to get out of your trouble the best you can."

Defiantly the girl turns away. Had she turned away in tears the judge could not have done differently. A strange mixture of graft and law breaking.

THEN into the judge's mind comes a vision of that new genus, the auto tramp. He is different from the well known individual variety in that he is now plural and vested with all the panoply of a powerful persuasion. Here he comes now, and lo, behind him a frowsy wife and five children, the youngest in her mother's arms, and the next holding on to her skirts. Of course they are from some place near the Eastern coast, and their destination is some Oregon city—the unvarying story. They break down a few hundred miles back and use all their money for repairs. Now they have no money, no food, no gas, no oil. Here is an argument with exhibits to which the judge must pay attention: "Ex. A" a six-cylinder car full of unsalable traveler's junk. "Ex. B" five unwashed, hungry children. Argument: Feed them and give them enough oil and gas to take them to another town, or keep them indefinitely at County expense. There is but one answer though it violates a cardinal rule of the social agencies of the country. From another point of view this is as bold a holdup of the public as any highwayman ever made.

Occasionally the story changes, when suspicion is aroused, and an investigation of the outfit discloses things that may well be sold. Then they are aided by expert advice—refit themselves and are on their way.

EXPERIENCE has proved to the judge that this way of traveling about the country has become a profession. Always the inevitable children—these are the meal and gas ticket; and hundreds of these modern nomads, like giant grasshoppers, hop from county to county across the continent. Men with money in their pockets have taken up the business. When denied, they leave with a smothered imprecation, and later are seen to buy supplies and move on to more promising fields. So difficult it is to be honest; hence, so difficult to be charitable, and the judge more than once thanks his lucky stars for that canny Scottish woman, serving as investigator, whose marvelous insight penetrates a hundred attempted robberies of public funds.

There are no eddies in life so incomprehensible as those which carry in their grasp the young humanity of the land. We see them on the street going to and from business, on their play grounds happy and full of innocent fun; or, we see them flashing by in their improvised "bugs" racing with death, or together in groups at their wild parties. Again we see them in their caps and gowns graduating with honor. From among all these come our future presidents, pastors, and public men. But sifted from among these also are those who have in some way lost their bearings, and are brought before the juvenile court. Some fine, standard American youths who admit their delinquency with smiling shame, and if their offenses do not in some way involve damages, are released with kindly injunction, and appear again no more in the Juvenile court. Some are bold-faced boys and girls of fifteen to seventeen who, in experience, have run most of the gamut of life. Then, a great number of children who are only half conscious of crime and law; in whose minds all life is adventure, whether entering someone's house, or appropriating someone's car for a joy ride.

ALL these and hundreds of others are going through his court day after day, and this pious-faced judge must decide. How can he decide harshly, when memory stands beside him at the bar and brings up before him his youthful follies and mistakes? He lived through them and is now an honored man and a magistrate, which many of these may become if they are treated understandingly. Probation—another chance—promise—encouragement. If these youths can be drawn into a less turbulent eddy they will come at last into safe waters.

* * *

How futile must always be the work of the humanitarian or Social Worker unless coupled with the practical business affairs of life! They are but hands by which the workers of the world reach out to help their fellows. With a sick and wounded world, the hand of

the humanitarian means hope and life; but public charities and the sentiment of would-be benevolent persons, who handle, not their own, but public funds, must come down at last to the cold word—taxes. Then upon the scene there is thrown another picture; close-lipped farmers who come from blasted fields to read discouraging market reports—men from the soil, the basis of our national life, with fear in their eyes; business men, worried over diminishing sales; bankers, gravely watching the signs of the times; County Commissioners, figuring budgets being rapidly depleted, with tax delinquencies piling high. And everywhere insistent demands. Truly the candle is being burned at both ends. Between the "upper and nether millstone" the judge and his assistants must get what they can for charities. No wonder they have sober and careworn faces. All of these problems and activities have in some way touched the judge; he is in the midst of them in the fierce swirling waters.

THEN suddenly an eddy seizes the judge in its merciless grasp and in its fierce grip he is sucked under. From the blackness of a half-delirious night he comes to full consciousness in a pleasant room in the hospital, swept out of the life he had lived as effectively as if he had been carried across the continent. Yet the old life reaches out to him here, for there are flowers from solicitous friends and short visits from those nearest him. It is the carrying out of the mystery of the river. The judge is not so sure of himself now—gone is the look of confidence. He seems to be poised between two worlds—the one he knew and another—that for a moment he thought he saw. He finds himself half blindly looking up—up—to the Power above the waters.

The judge's window opens up toward the eastern hills. Here at the close of a seemingly endless night he sees the stars disappear one by one until at last "night's candles are burned out, and jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

"My friend, you are the first man I have met this morning. I'm here to begin another course with you. Cheer up—there's much for you to learn." Then something happens which pleases the judge immensely. Through the window comes the most musical, happy laugh he had ever heard. Such a laugh! It begins with a gurgle, grows as rapidly as the vibrations of a taut wire and ends in a bird-like trill. The judge is merry in his heart in spite of his pains. Looking through the window, he sees upon the porch for convalescents, lying upon an improvised cot, a towsel-haired boy of twelve or thirteen years. Such a plain, ordinary, American youth to be the author of such a laugh! He had been brought here, a nurse explains, a county patient, five months before because of an abscess caused by a blow on the back from a hammer. Then suddenly the judge knows. This is the boy in the Trant episode! So he finds himself now, swept by this relentless eddy into a close relationship that a mutual misfortune always brings. Judge and Jack, brought here on a common level, and by the decree of an inscrutable providence, lying upon their backs almost side by side!

HERE in this institution is life going and life coming. A young prospective father, with agitation paces the corridor, hearing from the surgery the voice of his wife in pain. She is young for such suffering! The next day they bring the girl baby in to show the judge. What a tiny bit of beauty! "My little one," mused the fatherly judge, "what giant eddy has brought you to our shores to visit me, with your hours not a third as many as my years? You at the beginning: I at the end. As it is with your young mother who smiles with happiness in her sleep, so shall it be with you. Life, love, pain and joy. This is the cycle of time. Thus has it been from the beginning. Thus it will be to the end. Is it not the law that he who escapes pain, escapes a fulness of life? The Master sought not to evade the law. It was after Calvary that he sat in power upon the right hand of the Father."

The next morning the doctor in his blunt way says: "If these young people in love with each other want to marry and have babies and rear large families, whose business is it to object?"

"Surely not mine," says the judge. "It was the way of our fathers and grandfathers." But a doubt grips him as he thinks of the many young broken-hearted mothers who had come to him for advice and aid. Trial marriages, wrecked on the rocks of want. He thinks of a saying of his mother's: "When poverty comes in at the door love flies out at the window." Love, though blind, should try to be provident.

The judge is soon to be released and in his last hours in the hospital, he has much to think about. He is in some ways a changed, perhaps an improved man. Though he has not been on a journey, still he has seen new things. He thought that he had loved. Now he finds that his love was only half love; it had been merely reciprocal, selfish in a way. Now he could almost love his enemies.

HIS window looks out over the city; he can hear the throbbing of its commerce. Business men are in their offices; lawyers are working over their briefs; educators are studying the problems of the schools; service clubs are debating the needs of the hour; matrons are at their household duties. They make up the stream of life. The judge cannot reach them—his life is in another orbit. If he could touch them, he knows that he would find a common brotherhood, a common wish that there could be no under-privileged man or child.

These questions now press upon him for an answer. Can there be

A Prayer

By Grant Redford

LORD, where art thou
In my time of trouble?
To thee I bow
Knowing thou wilt hear.

I cry to thee
Bringing my sore heart.
Where would I be
Lost from thy great care?

What am I now?
Is life a bubble—
A heavy bough
Which will bend then break

Lord, thou must know
I am breaking hard—
Am bended low
With life's unripe fruit.

Brace thou my limbs.
Faith I need and thee.
Give it fuel, O Lord!
My heart-fire dims—

a money value put upon a human life? Is six months in the hospital at county expense too much to pay for Jack? Who could possibly fore-know the incalculable worth to the world of young Michael Pupin as in poverty he worked his way to our hospitable shores? Shall we hesitate to mend the crushed limb of the tramp who was riding the rods?

But forever we set over against the spiritual and human, the sordid and material. We forever weigh humanity in the scale of taxes. The public would build a hundred thousand dollar road with less complaint than it would allow twenty-five thousand for relief for the sick and needy.

IN fancy the judge again returns to the river banks. The mystery of the stream has been partially solved. Out there in the center where the current is deepest, there will be found some hidden obstruction, that diverts the flood that would go steadily down to the sea. Some age-old international wrong. Some deep-rooted national error. Some perversity of modern social life. Some outgrown custom that refuses to give way to progress. Perhaps some deep religious misconception. One or all of these affect the normal flow of life and throw against the banks in malignant eddies, these things which plague us.

When will the channel be cleared? When shall life flow again as was its wont, giving man the blessed opportunity to spend strength upon welcome tasks; when hand-worker and brain-worker shall profitably labor together in the building up of a glorious civilization?

Who knows? But of this the judge feels sure—that the world, even as a man, must suffer pain before it can come to its full fruition. Our task is to mitigate that pain as much as lies in our power.

Joy to the World

Continued from page 79

journey, there to pay a tax to Caesar.

"Gladly do I fast twice in the week and pay tithes of all that I get—but this tax to Rome! I an Israelite, a descendant of David, must bow my head and make obeisance to a foreign ruler! How long, O Jehovah, wilt thou visit this punishment upon us?

"We are the chosen people—and yet, never have a people been so warned, so blest and so punished by their God! Through many changing scenes have we passed. * * * In the days of the Patriarchs, the days of Abraham, of Isaac and of Jacob we were happy tribes, wandering rich and free in the desert, blest by our God.

"But the days that followed, the days in Egypt, were sorrowful ones. Though we multiplied and waxed exceeding mighty, we remembered not the commandments of our fathers and were taken into bondage. But Jehovah heard our groanings and called forth the Prophet Moses who led us out of the afflictions of Egypt and delivered us from the cruel bondage of Pharaoh.

"Then came our mighty days—the reign of the Kings! David, the shepherd boy, was anointed King of all Israel. He was the victorious King of the sword, and the King of song. Forty years did he reign and mighty grew his kingdom, exalted above all other kingdoms and feared by its enemies.

"Solomon sat upon the throne of David his father. He was the King of splendor, of gold and of wisdom—but there was iniquity in high places and though God raised up Prophets, we heeded them not. Our kingdom was divided and conflict dimmed our greatness. Our temple was destroyed and we were led into captivity by the Babylonians. Great was our punishment!

"Ten of our tribes went northward and many are scattered among the nations of the earth. Judah is under the heel of oppression.

When wilt thou, O Jehovah, send us the Deliverer, the King promised by the prophets of old! A Deliverer like unto Moses, who will free us from oppression—a king like unto David, that we mayst again be mighty in the earth! O, Jehovah, forget not thy people!"

SCENE I

Place—Countryside near Bethlehem.
Time—Late afternoon of the day preceding the birth of the Christ Child.

Description of Scene. A stretch of bare country with a few rocks and small trees. When the curtain rises Mary is seen seated on a log near some rocks and trees—baggage necessary for a journey is on the ground. A group of travelers, men, women, and children are passing near, the women give her a friendly glance—the children smile at her and the men salute her.

First Traveler (*Pausing and gazing into the distance*): We are near our journey's end. Yonder lies Bethlehem. (*Turning he sees Mary and salutes her.*) Peace be to you!

Mary. Peace to you.

Second Traveler. She is Mary of Nazareth.

Third Traveler. The one lately espoused by Joseph the carpenter?

Second Traveler. Aye, they are of the House of David and must go to Bethlehem for taxation. (*Still talking the group pass on.*)

Mary (*Gazing anxiously into the distance*): 'Tis near sunset and yet Joseph doth not return. (*She wraps her cloak closer around her.*) The evening chill is in the air and I am overcome with weariness. (*Lifting her eyes to heaven, she crosses her hands upon her breast and moves her lips in prayer. Joseph approaches hurried and solicitous.*)

Joseph. Art thou weary of so long waiting?

Mary. Aye, very weary, Joseph.

Joseph. As thou knowest I left thee here to rest while I hastened through the crowded highway into the city to seek shelter for us at the Inn—but there were many before me and the Inn was filled. I then begged lodgings from door to door, yet everywhere was I turned aside.

Mary (*despairingly*): But we must find shelter Joseph.

Joseph. Do not fear. I have found a resting place for thee. Friends guided me to a cave near the city where the cattle are sometimes sheltered. It is clean and there will be warmth and comfort for the night.

Mary. Is it far?

Joseph. Nay. Give me thy hand. (*He assists her to arise, and gathers up the baggage.*) Let us be on our way.

Curtain

Transitional music introducing

SCENE II

Place. A room in the palace of King Herod.

Herod enters, followed by his two counselors; he seats himself on the throne in moody silence and the counselors whisper together.

Herod (*meditating to himself*): Once again the time for paying taxes to mighty Ceasar is upon us. The people resent this as a great burden. Being forced to pay this tribute in Roman coin increases their wrath. * * * This endangers my throne. * * * These sons of David despise me as king* * * Ishmael exalted above David! * * * and yet if Rome does not receive her full tribute, she will depose me. This season of the year always fills me with mistrust * * * the people passing through the city—whole families com-

pelled to journey to their ancestral homes to be counted for taxation as ordered by Caesar. My throne is unsteady. (*He calls to his counselors.*) How fares this matter of taxation?

First Counselor. I fear troublesome times are ahead, noble Herod. Even greater this year are the lamentations of the people. The highways are thronged with the travelers. Bethlehem is more than ever crowded as the sons of David return with their families for enrollment. It is said in the streets that the inns are filled and the people are forced to sleep in caves and stables.

Herod. Think ye a revolt is at hand?

Second Counselor. Nay, my lord, there still prevails a faith derived from ancient prophecies that ere long a powerful monarch will arise in Judea who will deliver the Tribes of Israel from bondage as Moses did of old. (*A messenger enters and kneels before the King.*)

Messenger. There are strangers without who seek admission to thy royal presence.

Herod. What manner of strangers?

Messenger. There are three men. They appeared this morning at the north gate of the city curiously mounted and the splendor of their dress and trappings proclaim them from a far country.

Herod. Admit them to our presence. (*Addressing councilors.*) Know ye ought of these strangers?

First Counselor. Your majesty, the keeper at the palace gate reported there were travelers in the city inquiring of a certain star which hath newly appeared.

Herod. Ah! (*The strangers enter preceded by the messenger.*) Welcome to Jerusalem! Whence do ye come and what do ye seek?

First Wise Man. We come from far distant lands seeking Him that is born King of the Jews.

Herod. I am King of the Jews.

Second Wise Man. It is foretold that there is to be one newly born.

Herod (amazed). Newly born! How know ye of this?

First Wise Man. We have read the Heavens and found His star which has appeared in the east, and have journeyed to your land that we may worship Him. (*Herod listens with troubled attention and wonder.*)

Third Wise Man. Do not your ancient prophecies foretell His coming?

Herod. Ancient prophecies! (*To his counselors*). Bring us the scroll of the Prophets. (*The counselors go for the ancient scrolls.*) (*To the Wise Men.*) Ye shall search the scrolls and find what is foretold. (*Enter counselors with scrolls.*) (*To counselors.*) Look well, and see if thou mayest find recorded this prophecy. (*The Wise Men show keen interest in the scrolls and assist the counselors in the search.*)

First Counselor. It is written here. (*Pointing to scroll.*) Your majesty, "Therefore the Lord himself shall give you a sign. Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us." (*The Wise Men talk among themselves. Herod looks disturbed and the counselors search further.*)

Second Counselor. And again it is written "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the Government shall be upon his shoulders and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."

Third Wise Man. Is there no inspired word that tells the place of His birth?

Second Counselor. Yea, it is recorded in Micah "And thou Bethlehem in the land of Judea art not the least among the princes of Juda, for out of thee shall come a Governor that shall rule my people Israel."

Herod. Bethlehem! (*Addressing Wise Men.*) Go thou to Bethlehem. Search diligently for the young child and when ye have found Him bring me word that I may come and worship Him also.

First Wise Man. We leave thee, O gracious King, and hasten on our way. Peace be with thee and thy kingdom. (Exit Wise Men.)

Herod. (*To his counselors.*) If they find this child it shall die. None shall take from me my throne. I fear these sages will not bring me word—if they fail—no suckling babe shall Herod's throne endanger. Every child within the confines of this kingdom shall be slain. See thou to it.

Counselors. Yea, my lord.

Curtain

Transitional music introducing

SCENE III

Place. Countryside near Bethlehem.

Time. Near midnight on the night of the Nativity.

*Description of Scene. Same as Scene I only that the stage is in semi-darkness. The shepherds are asleep on the ground around a fire. One shepherd awakens, sits up and stirs the fire, with his shepherd's crook. Suddenly a voice is heard singing, "There were Shepherds Abiding in the Fields" (from Handel's Messiah). For a second he stands dumb with fear, then he awakens the others. The choir sings "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good will to men" * * * the music at first is very loud then gradually dies away. The men stand huddled together filled with wonder and awe, and as the music dies down they begin to gesticulate and whisper among themselves. When the music has ceased altogether they begin speaking.*

First Shepherd. Look, dost thou see the star?

Second Shepherd. Yea, it illumines the whole heavens.

Third Shepherd. Can this be of God?

Fourth Shepherd. Surely the voices that sang were angels.

Fifth Shepherd (he is old and a little deaf): What sang the angels?

First Shepherd. Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Fifth Shepherd. Aye, but what said they about the Christ?

First Shepherd. That he is born this night and we shall find him wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

Fourth Shepherd. Christ the Lord a wee babe,—and lying in a manger? Didst thou hear him say manger?

Second Shepherd. Aye, that was the sign he gave us. We shall find him lying in a manger.

Third Shepherd. Dost thou know of mangers in Bethlehem where a child would be born? (*There is a pause.*)

Second Shepherd. In the Cave near the old Kahn are mangers and because of crowds in the city people are sleeping there.

First Shepherd. Brethren, let us linger here no longer. The Heavens have opened and a messenger of God hath spoken, let us hasten to Bethlehem and find this babe that is born the Savior of the world.

Curtain

Transitional music introducing

SCENE IV

Place. Interior of a stable.

Description of Scene. The stable is wide but shallow. A covering of

rafters may be suggested. There is straw on the floor and lanterns are hanging about. There is a rough manger with a light inside and Mary is sitting near on a stool. Joseph is standing by watching her with an expression of wonderment. When the curtain goes up Mary is seen bending over the child and singing softly. The shepherds come on the stage and approach the stable. Joseph moves forward.

First Shepherd (addressing Joseph). Is there a child born here this night?

Joseph. Why ask ye?

Second Shepherd. There was a great light in the Heavens and angels have sung.

Third Shepherd. One said that we should find the babe that is Christ the Lord wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

Joseph. Strange are the ways of God! (*Stepping back into the stable.*) Behold here is the child.

Shepherds (approaching and saluting Mary): Peace unto thee.

Mary. Peace to thee.

First Shepherd (addressing the others): It is as the angel said. (*Turning to Mary.*) We were in the fields keeping watch over our flocks, when lo, an angel of the Lord appeared and said unto us, "Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior which is Christ the Lord." And he gave unto us a sign that we should find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger.

Second Shepherd. Then suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of heavenly hosts, praising God and saying—Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth, peace, good will to men.

Third Shepherd. We have left our flocks and have come to worship the Christ child. (*They kneel in adoration and the choir sings "Holy Night").*

Curtain

Transitional music introducing

SCENE V

Place. The stable.

Description of scene. The same as Scene IV. When the curtain goes up the stage is in semi-darkness and the spot light is turned on the star which hangs above the stable. When the Wise Men enter the stable the lights are increased to a brilliant glow. The Wise Men approach.

First Wise Man. Behold the star stands!

Second Wise Man. Aye, but it shines upon a stable. (*They pause and look about.*)

Third Wise Man. Let us go in, the star no longer moves, and we were told it would rest over the place where we shall find Him. (*The three men approach the entrance of the stable and Joseph moves forward.*)

First Wise Man. We are seeking a child newly born who is to be King of the Jews.

Second Wise Man. He is to be the Savior long promised to Israel.

Joseph (overcome by the magnificence of the strangers): My lords, but this place, ye—

Third Wise Man. Where the word of the Lord is, there is Holy Temple.

First Wise Man. And where he lies is cradled throne—though a manger. (*The stable becomes very light.*)

Joseph. Then enter, yonder is the child and here is his mother.

First Wise Man. Hail thou, mother of the Holy One!

Second Wise Man. The joy of God be round about thee.

Mary. I greatly magnify his Holy name.

Third Wise Man. Surely the word of the Prophet is fulfilled—Christ the Lord is born.

Joseph. How know *ye* of this child?

First Wise Man. Lately when we didst search the sky that we might know the portent of the time—a certain star appeared from out the east, a star more brilliant than we had ever seen before. We prayed to God that we might know the meaning of this new event and a voice answered us, "This is the star of Him who is to be born King of the Jews, the Redeemer promised of old. Go thou to the Holy city of Jerusalem, search out this child that thou mayest bear witness of Him."

Second Wise Man. We hastened to Jerusalem and sought King Herod that we might know where the child should be born. He read us the ancient prophecies which said, "Out of Bethlehem shall come a Governor that shall rule my people, Israel."

Third Wise Man. Herod directed us to Bethlehem, and when we departed, Lo the star which had led us on our pilgrimage moved before us and we followed until it rested above this place.

Joseph. Strange are the ways of God!

Mary crosses her hands and makes a silent prayer.

First Wise Man. Now that we have found the child we rejoice with exceeding great joy.

Second Wise Man. We have brought our honor gifts to Him, even gold, frankincense and myrrh, our greatest treasures, and lay them at His feet.

Third Wise Man. Let us worship Him who hath come to redeem the world.

They kneel in worship and the choir sings "Glory to God on High."

Curtain

EPILOGUE

A young man announces the mission of the Christ.

"It was not an earthly King who was born this day in the city of David, but the Savior of the world, the only begotten Son of the Father.

He came to fulfill the law, not to destroy it.

He came to deliver the needy.

He came to bind up the brokenhearted, to heal the sick, to open the eyes of the blind, the ears of the deaf.

He came to take the sting from death, to bring peace into a troubled world, and to reveal the Father unto the children of men."

The choir sings "Hallelujah Chorus."

Era Directors Win Success

Continued from page 91

Raft River; Menan, Roberts and 1st Wards of Rigby; Pine Valley and East Wards of St. George; Ashurst, El Paso and Globe of St. Joseph; Berkeley Ward of San Francisco; Capitol Hill and 4th of Salt Lake; Grandview of Sharon; Centerville 1st, 2nd, Farmington, North Farmington, and West Bountiful Wards of South Davis Stake; Ephraim No. and West Wards of So. Sanpete; Annabella, Monroe North and South Wards of South Sevier; Bedford of Star Valley; Raymond 1st and 2nd of Taylor Stake; Pratt of Teton; Vernon of Tooele; Glines and Vernal 2nd of Uintah; Union Ward of Union Stake; Provo 4th Ward of Utah Stake; Kemmerer and Randolph of Woodruff Stake; Marysville of Yellowstone; La Verkin and Rockville Wards of Zion Park Stake, are all well over 100% of their quota.

Photographs of Mrs. Louise Udall, St. Johns Stake, and of Alvin Jones, of Taylor Stake were not available.

CHURCH MUSIC COMMITTEE

Two Fold Purpose in Selecting Music

By EDWIN P. KIMBALL

IN the work of the ward choir there is two-fold activity which must be kept in mind. First, the choir, as a part of the ward organization has a definite place in the routine of service; second, the personal membership, made up as it is of varied individualities, must be considered and planned for; and both of these must be understood if the work of the organization is to function in the program of worship, because, after all is said and done, the achievement of the choir will be in proportion to the excellence of its members and their attitude toward the work.

Therefore in choosing music to be learned and sung it will be well to keep this two-fold activity in mind, and to make the choice in such a way as will develop the choir as a useful instrument in the machinery of the ward and as a process in the education of the members. The position of the choir in the plan of worship has been treated in considerable detail in the "Choristers' Manual" issued by the Church Music Committee, and the reader's attention is herewith directed to Chapter I of that book to refresh the matter in his mind. Much could be said about the advantage to the effectiveness of the choir's part in our worship resulting from the use of the most suitable music—it is not the purpose to discuss that at this time. It is assumed that choir leaders have worked out in their own minds a conception of the power of suitable religious song, and that they realize that *suitable* songs only have a place in our services. Certainly, the first consideration given to any choir activity in the service should be along such lines as will produce greater effectiveness in the service of worship and a stronger disposition to worship in the hearts of the congregation. That is the primary task and responsibility of choir work.

It will be interesting to consider for a few minutes the other function of the choir as suggested above, namely, a process of education of the members, and a time of musical and intellectual progress and enjoyment. There are two sources to which we may turn to find the reason for service in most individuals. The more common, though not the more ideal, prevalent as it is, is the individual's search after personal progress and pleasure. There can be no sensible reason why the individual should not desire to perfect himself in proper and uplifting endeavor. In fact it is most laudable that he should so desire and exert his efforts. But when this is done at the expense of his fellows, either by overriding their rights and privileges or by neglecting his responsibilities to them in such manner as to hinder their advancement, it ceases to be a virtue. The less common source to which we may turn to find the inspiration that keeps most persons at work in a cause is a feeling of duty. There are no people who can show a larger number of individuals giving much excellent service out of a sense of duty than the Latter-day Saints. In fact we have always been urged to do much that we do because it is our duty to do it, and the response has been so wonderful that outsiders who observe the faithful performance of duty by our people are caused to marvel that our people do so much.

One is now led to the question, Is labor that is done merely out of a sense of duty as well performed as that which is done with enthusiastic desire and because of a genuine enjoyment of the work itself? There is no intention here of minimizing the beauty and worthiness of performance inspired in large measure by a sense of duty—one who works out of a live realization of duty is entitled to great credit and is way ahead of one who does nothing at all. But the intention here is to make the reader feel that the great things in history have not been performed in this spirit. Rather a combination of conversion, duty, and personal elation is what has carried the world forward. Conversion means understanding, intelligent acceptance, and when this is the basis upon which one begins one's consecration to duty, using ways and means in achievement that thrill and develop the individual, as well as carry forward the movement or purpose of consecration, the result is sure to be uplifting to all concerned.

Being two-fold in activity, music for the choir should be chosen with this thought in mind. The choir must do its part in the program of worship by singing music that is appropriate and suitable; the individuals in the choir must be kept interested by having the opportunity of learning and singing music that is worthy serious study and rehearsal. Only in this way can a leader hope to hold his talented singers, especially if there is an outlet through any other organization in the community for that enthusiasm which is the life of talented, progressive students. Music that can be read at sight and which offers no real difficulty or necessity for practice will interest only mediocre talent. This is not to say that selection of music that is unreasonably difficult is to be recommended. Let the director use common-sense, and observe the effect of the music he rehearses, both upon himself and upon his singers, and he will soon discover that by observing this two-fold purpose in the selection of his music he will both fulfil his part of the obligation of worship, and interest his singers.

If I Could Write Sonnets

By Jessie Sundwall

*I*F I could write sonnets and sing them to you,
I'd write one each morning entirely new.
The first one I'd make would be all about eyes,
With adjectives used in describing the skies.
Serene, deep and changing, or sunny and blue.
If I could write sonnets and sing them to you.

Next I would tell of the style of your walk,
The lilt of your laughter, the way that you talk,
The ache that you give me whenever you're sad,
The joys that you broadcast whenever you're glad,
A mood for each moment, and charms not a few,
If I could write sonnets and sing them to you.

At last I would write, but with caution and fear,
Of that something so sweet so intangible, dear,
Of the something within that is shining without,
That makes you a pal and a mighty good scout,
The part that I cherish the part that is true,
If I could write sonnets and sing them to you.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

Pages from My "Book of Remembrance"*

By ARCHIBALD F. BENNETT

I. The Promise

THERE are many scenes of the war now happily fading from memory. But even war may leave its bright remembrances of true manhood and comradeship, some undying evidences of the watch-care and goodness of God, which justify the rehearsal of incidents of those cloudy and dark days.

War came to Canada when it came to England, on August 4, 1914. Canadian volunteers formed into contingents and soon took their place in the trenches beside troops from the Mother Country.

In Alberta was organized the 13th Canadian Mounted Rifles; and "C" Squadron of this regiment was made up largely of Mormon boys of American birth. They were sons mostly of parents who had settled in Canada in obedience to a call from the President of the Church. Living there, they felt an obligation to assist the country of their adoption in its day of need. They loved not war for its glamor and adventure, but they resented deeply the imputation sometimes heard that the Mormons were not loyal, and they stood forth in the ranks to disprove this assertion.

AT a Sunday service held in the town of Taber, Alberta, on March 26, 1916, Major Hugh B. Brown, then commanding "C" Squadron of the 13th, made a ringing call for recruits. Nine boys responded, ranging in age from eighteen to twenty-one. We had grown up together in the Priesthood Quorums, the Sunday School and the Mutual; we had joined together in the fun of the dance and had competed in friendly contests of sport.

Just before we left home, Elder Samuel J. Layton was called to address the sacrament meeting. He had spoken but a few minutes when the Spirit of the Lord rested upon him. Under that prompting he promised this group of nine boys that if we did nothing while away of which our mothers would be ashamed we would all live to return after the war was over.

A FEW months later eight of us were in England; (one of the group had been detained in Canada;) and in the midst of the alluring temptations and lax moral standards of camp life we drew more closely together. In our tent at night we discussed the folks at home and the home teachings. We determined to try to observe those teachings more than we had before enlisting, and to prove worthy representatives of our loved ones. Regularly at night we knelt in a group in our tent and prayed God to assist us.

When granted leave, we sought out our Conference headquarters in London. There we were welcomed with true American hospitality by President James Gunn McKay and his missionaries. He even invited us to assist in street meetings and other Church gatherings.

I was appointed by him to attend a meeting of the South London Branch. I remember relating some of the testimonies gained in the army. When President McKay spoke, the Spirit of the Lord rested mightily upon him. He said how impressed he was with the story of our holding "family prayers." Then he told of the two thousand sons of the people of Ammon who had been taught by their mothers "that there was a just God; and whosoever did not doubt, that they should be preserved by his marvelous power." Turning to me, he said slowly and impressively:

"I promise you boys, in the name of the Lord, that if you will continue faithful to the commandments of the Lord, avoid the vices and sins of the world, and keep the Word of Wisdom, *you will all come back and be preserved to fulfil a life's work.*"

I copy this promise from a letter now in my possession, which I wrote home to my mother immediately after the meeting.

WE determined, in our little group of eight, that this was a reward worth the seeking. But as I look back I wonder at the temptations that came to us. Our best friends persistently offered us tobacco. "No use refusing," they told us, "when you're out in the trenches in France, standing all night up to your waist in icy mud, you'll be glad of a little smoke or a little rum to warm you up." "Oh, you wont drink tea! Wait till you've marched all day with nothing to eat, and when you go for your rations at night there's nothing but tea issued! Wait till you're out wounded in No Man's Land, perishing from thirst, and you see a shell hole, and you crawl over to drink some of the water that has seeped into it—and you find a corpse lying there! You'll be glad of a little boiled tea, won't you?" "What if you're about to go over the top, and you need something to brace you up—I guess you'll take your share of the rum all right." "There's no need to be squeamish about it; you'll have to give in sooner or later; it's absolutely impossible to get along out there without them; you might as well give in now and enjoy them."

We could not argue down our friendly tempters. They must know, for some of them had been in France for months. But the Lord had promised through his servants—had he asked something of us that was physically impossible?

I shall always think it a blessing

*Many of all ages in the Church today are compiling their "Books of Remembrance"—intimate records of their own lives, sacred to themselves and their families. In these are preserved testimonies which came into the lives of our forefathers, as an inspiration for us to emulate their goodness; in them are recorded faith-promoting experiences from our own lives, that they may stimulate our children to noble living.

The experiences given in these articles are written as typical of the stories which may be included in these books, for the life of every Latter-day Saint is rich in such incidents.

The Lord Says—

"Tobacco is not good for man, but for bruises and sick cattle."

that we came in our reading to the story of Lehi, who requested his sons to go to Jerusalem for the sacred plates. The older sons refused, saying the thing he asked of them was an utter impossibility. But Nephi said:

"I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them."

ONE by one, or in groups of two or three, we went to France. We knew by then something of what we were entering. For, a few weeks previous, Binning, who slept beside us, announced one morning that he was on draft, and jubilantly he marched away. Up the line he went. As he lay at night, sleeping with his comrades four abreast, a shell came hurtling over, struck their dug-out, strewed the bodies of Binning and a bed-mate all over the valley, and left the other two untouched! One morning Billy Sibley said smilingly, "Well, I am going to France, and I'll see some real action at last." It was reported that he had not been in the trench five minutes before he was killed. The papers were filled every morning with stories of the big British offensive on the Somme, and even the carefully censored communiques gave the impression that hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed.

There came times in France when we did march many miles, and when, footsore and famished, we seized our mess tins and rushed to the camp-fire, only to find that nothing but tea was given that night. A few experiences like that and we learned to lay something by for lean days in the hour of "plenty." We took our turn in the trenches and crawled over No Man's Land; and we traded our rations of rum and tea and cigarettes for luxuries like jam and other foods that nourished. All of us had our individual experiences. Once, in hospital with the flu, and some complications, I was puzzled. "At this stage of your sickness," the attendants explained, "we serve you nothing but tea." "But I don't drink tea," I said. "Can't you get me some milk?" "It has never been done, but we'll try." So I was served milk instead of tea.

IN November, 1917, came the charge of our squadron at Cambrai. Two of the group of eight took part. My horse went down as we crossed, swords drawn, over a frail bridge. Somehow I managed to fall free of my horse as he rolled over into the water, carrying the whole side of the bridge with him. I lost my sword in the water, but managed to strike the water a glancing blow, so that I did not sink, despite my heavy load, and managed to swim out. The troops passed before I could drag out my almost drowning horse, and all the while a German sniper made things intensely lively for me. A straggler came limping back. "Where's 'B' Squadron?" I asked. "Gone!" he said, "Surrounded and cut to pieces!" "Poor old 'B' Squadron!" I heard someone say.

Drenched and shivering, I waited through that long night. About 9 o'clock, some twenty comrades fought their way through and escaped to our lines. Near 2 a. m., ten more straggled through. That was all! Leslie Bigelow, one of the group to whom the promise was made, was among the lost! He had surely lived his religion and kept the Word of Wisdom. Had the Lord's promise failed?

In my Book of Remembrance I have a card, worn and faded, dated June 11, 1918, and postmarked Friedrichsfel bei Wesel. It came from a prisoner of war camp there. Along with it I preserve a picture of my friend Leslie in a prisoner's uniform, as I saw him in London the first Christmas after the armistice. He had seen many trying days and had suffered untold privations, but he came back alive and well. I saw him a few weeks ago in Canada, and he is still "carrying on."

I keep that little card and the photo, not alone because they remind me of the preservation of a friend, but because they are the symbols of a victory—an undying testimony to me that, if we do our part, the word of the Lord does not fail!

OTHERS of the group are doubtless recording their own experiences. Lowell Duncombe was with the regiment ordered to charge, on their horses in full daylight, a wood bristling with machine guns. The Colonel objected to the order, saying it was madness to make that charge and meant certain death to the men. The Brigadier-General shouted peremptorily, "Charge that wood! I don't care whether a damn one of them comes back!" They charged; and Sir Phillip Gibbs has written of what he termed the foolhardy venture, which in a few minutes left every horse dead upon the field. Fortunately, most of the men escaped, and Lowell was among those who, when his horse went down, crawled into a trench and escaped. Another soldier rode my horse into action that day—I was still in hospital—and the best horse I ever had there was killed.

In the spring of 1918 we charged afoot up a hillside. Before starting we threw off our overcoats in a pile. Just then a shell struck the pile and changed the coats into carpet rags. "Now boys," the Captain explained in even tones, "We are to go up the hill in waves. The first wave will probably get a good dressing down. You are to be the first wave. But, remember, there are many more to follow and support you."

The order was given and we stepped out into the open. A furious hail of bullets shrieked over and about us. We ran a few steps, dropped down for a minute, ran again, and so on until we reached the brow of the hill. Lee McOmber was shot through the ankle on the way up the slope. Charlie Tufts and I carried a box of machine gun ammunition between us. A shell struck a bank of earth on a level with our heads and a few yards in front of us. As it exploded, however, the particles were thrown upwards, and we escaped. Just beyond we came to a sunken road. Another shell struck right between our feet and exploded. We

Sheep On the Sevier River
"He leadeth me beside the still waters"

were knocked down and somewhat dazed; he had a few holes cut in his tunic; several on either side of us were stricken down or severely wounded; but neither of us was scratched!

I AM told that as he ran forward to take the place of a machine gunner who had been killed another shell struck between his legs, but failed to explode. As I returned from carrying wounded to the dressing station, I fell in with some British troops coming to our support. The Major in command of the party was struck on the knee and it was shattered. With perfect self-control, in the midst of what must have been excruciating pain, he explained every detail of the plan we were to follow, before he would leave. We started through the wood single file. I was third in line. Shells were tearing through the trees and snapping them off like matchwood. Bullets were cracking on all sides of us, and an airplane added to the interest by firing upon us from overhead. A bullet struck and the first man crumpled; a second, and the next man groaned and fell stark. It was my turn next. I am thankful that it never came.

The boys of the troop who had remained back of the line with our horses prepared a sumptuous meal for us. "They will be good and hungry after this fight," they told themselves, for they haven't had any rations for nearly two days. So we'll surprise them." Only six of us came back to eat it, and for once there was plenty.

Eight months more of active service followed. In a cavalry charge at Le Cateau, Charlie Tufts received a shrapnel wound on the hand and was in hospital for a month or so. The armistice found us in Belgium, in hot pursuit of the retreating enemy. Every one of the eight had had narrow escapes; two had been wounded, and one had been a prisoner of war for a year; but all of them came back home alive and well and all are alive today, spared for their life's mission. *The Promise of the Lord was fulfilled.*

(*To be continued*)

How Jacob Hamlin Avoided An Arrow

IN the early days of Utah there was a man named Jacob Hamblin. People called him a scout and the "Mormon Leatherstocking," but he was more than an Indian runner-in and more than the figure in Cooper's books. He was a missionary to the Indians.

He was very susceptible to the impressions of the Holy Spirit. In this respect he was like President Wilford Woodruff. Some who were not religious used to call these impressions of Hamblin's "hunches."

Once he and his wife, with their children, went into the canyon near Tooele, where they lived, to pick some wild fruit, which they intended to put up for use in the winter. In those days Indians in that part of the Territory were mean, occasionally murderous, in their activity among the settlements.

Before that, when Hamblin's associations with the American native began, he threw himself in front of seven or eight of them, whom the leader of the colony there was about to have shot, for stealing cattle and other things worse. Hamblin said, "I have given my word to these Indians that they shall be spared, and if my word is of no value, then shoot me first."

But that is another story. He had a feeling on that occasion that, if he never injured a Lamanite, his own life would not be taken by them. And so there was really no provocation for them to injure Hamblin.

He and the wife intended to stay all day picking berries. But they had not been in the canyon very long when he said to her, "We'd better go home."

She wanted to know why. But he only shrugged his shoulders. You know how that is, when you feel something yourself that you cannot prove to the satisfaction of others.

So they went home—for no reason, as it appeared.

Some years after that, when Hamblin had become well acquainted with the Indians and become respected and trusted by them, Big Foot, an Indian chief, told him that on this occasion he and some others were about to send some arrows at them and that they were close enough to have sent them into the heart. Just at that moment, the Indian added, Hamblin left, with the family.

Thus his life was saved.

What Shall My Life Be?

ONE of the problems every young man must face sooner or later is this: What shall I do for a living?

Benjamin Franklin's father, who appears to have been as wise as his great son afterwards became, took Benjamin out through the town of Boston, where the family lived, to see the various classes of men at work. He thought that, when the boy saw what he was really fitted for, he would recognize it and choose accordingly.

But selecting a vocation is not the only thing that one needs to look to in this matter of living. He must prepare for it. One cannot hope to fall heir to a vocation and do it well without training for the work.

Among Christian churches it is the practice to go into the ministry. That is, if one feels a liking for religious work, one goes to college and prepares to preach the gospel for a living. That is deemed necessary.

The Latter-day Saints do not have many who make their living in this way. For the most part, the gospel message must depend on men and women who earn their bread in one of the regular ways.

But that does not mean that we do not require any preparation for the business of preaching, if we may call it such. Preaching the gospel is a delicate task, and calls for knowledge, tact, skill, and an interest in human beings and human nature.

We heard a prominent man, the other day, tell another, "I would rather have a missionary with the spirit of the Lord than one who could speak the most perfect language." "Well," said the other, "it would be a great deal better if the man with the Spirit of the Lord could deliver his message in good English, too."

And that is true.

The Spirit of the Lord, of course, is the main requisite in teaching religion. But there are matters in connection with the work that can be got through study and reflection—good grammar, for instance, the psychology of communication and reception of ideas, and so on.

The quorums of the lesser priesthood are the best places to acquire many of these secondary things. But they ought to be acquired.

Can you answer these questions?

(1) Who is the president of the Church? Have you ever seen him?

(2) Who are his counselors? Have you ever seen either of them?

(3) Name all the presidents of the Church that we have had from the beginning.

(4) What characteristic, in your mind, sets the members of the present First Presidency apart?

THE world is so full of a number of things I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

MUTUAL MESSAGES

Executive Department

Send all Correspondence to Committees Direct to General Offices

General Superintendency
Y. M. M. I. A.
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,
Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A.
47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A.
33 BISHOP'S BUILDING
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency
Y. L. M. I. A.
RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,
General Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

Effective Administration Methods

THIS was the subject of a talk given by Stake Executives at all M. I. A. conventions this fall. The following, from Ensign Stake, is typical of the rest:

The dictionary defines "method" as:—A way or mode by which we proceed to the attainment of some aim.

Our aim, as Mutual Improvement officers, is the building of Latter-day Saints. Any way or means used in doing this effectively may be called a method.

It is not my purpose to give detailed pedagogical methods; rather I should like to mention a few ways and means which, to me, are fundamental to effective administration. Much the same thought and consideration, system and efficiency, can be put into administration of M. I. A., as one would put into any business or responsibility.

I shall consider in turn:—

I. Method in the selection of officers.
II. The place of the union meeting.
III. The necessity of personal inventory.
IV. As leaders, do we measure up?

I. Method in the Selection of Officers

ONE of the first things which confronts a newly appointed executive is the selection of a quorum of officers, a most delicate and important responsibility. Stake Board members have the same thing to face in the filling of positions for their respective departments in the wards, and ward executives should seek their counsel and advice regarding selections.

Many elements enter into the matter of fitness for selection as M. I. A. officers, and not least of them is the personality of an individual. One man has defined personality as:—"Man's total ability to meet life." In selecting persons who are to administer a department, either as a ward or as a stake officer, keep this thought in mind. Personality includes: looks, voice, cleanliness and neatness, spirituality, knowledge of the gospel, scholastic preparation or mental alertness, executive ability.

Sometimes one quality is so dominant as to qualify one for a position in spite of weakness in other ways. For instance, one though not educated in college, may yet have a persistence and love for study, a habit of prayer and work, which make up for the lack of other qualifications.

Physical appearance is very important to young people,—looks, cleanliness and trimness of dress and grooming. Young people like a "pretty teacher." That doesn't necessarily mean a pretty face; it means a pleasing appearance and manner, and many people whose features alone are not pretty or handsome yet pass this test because of gentle manner or a pleasing voice or some other qualification.

Executives often select persons just to fill positions, and without a great deal of thought as to fitness. One should not be in a hurry in these matters, but should deliberate and pray and watch, look for a fitting combination of qualities strong enough to make for success.

Once you have chosen an officer, after much prayer and deliberation, let him do his job unhampered. President Frank Y. Taylor, for so many years a successful president of the Granite Stake of Zion, passed this word to me many years ago, from his father, President John Taylor. His father said to him, "My son, when you have chosen a man for a position, do not try to do his work for him, let him do it in his own way as long as the right results are accomplished, and give him your full support and confidence." Many Bishops of Wards, and stake officials could well profit by this splendid advice from one of our great leaders. They have a heavy load, without additional burdens belonging to someone else.

It is the place of the Executive to administer the business of the organization; to supervise, organize, counsel and support, and to be ready to see when things should be checked: to see that the M. I. A. program, as given to us, is carried out in the best possible way suited to our conditions; to give a word of praise for work well done, and to let the detailed work of a department be done by the individual in charge.

II. The Place of the Union Meeting

THE M. I. A. program as given to us is somewhat elastic, and yet there must be conformity to a degree, especially within a stake, for the sake of order and unity. One means in the hands of stake officers for the sustaining of unity is the Union Meeting.

One very common mistake in the past has been promises to teachers that they would be excused from Union Meeting. We have asked ward executives not to make such promises. The teacher-training class of the M. I. A. is the Union Meeting. The success of the Union Meeting depends upon its individual membership. The success of each department depends upon individual members. Some think they do not need the Union Meeting. No man is so well educated that he cannot absorb some lesson each day. He can lend his knowledge to help others, he needs the enthusiasm and renewed spiritual strength which he may gain.

It has been our observation that the people who do not attend Union

Meeting are not the most successful measured by Dr. Bennion's estimate of success. He says you will know if a class is a success, (1) if it has grown in membership, and (2) if the membership has increased or grown in knowledge.

III. Taking Inventory

WE should take a personal inventory occasionally, asking the question: *Am I what I should be?*

I have what I call a measuring stick which I apply to myself. We have asked our officers and teachers to study it and apply it to themselves and to others whom they may consider choosing as workers. It is an outline given some years ago by Brother John A. Widtsoe at a June convention, and with your permission I shall read it and comment briefly.

Dr. Widtsoe said, "An organization will be no greater or no smaller than its leaders." He called our attention to five major requisites, as follows:—

1. *Faith*—In the Church and its leaders; in your work.

2. *Love*—In the work for those with whom you work.

3. *Knowledge*—Actual facts; knowledge of the gospel; knowledge of the principles of M. I. A.

4. *Industry*—Be an industrious and persistent worker.

5. *Prayerfulness*—"No leader must rely upon his own resources."

Five minor requisites, associated with the major:—

1. *Optimism*—With faith there must be a joyful looking forward.

2. We must not only love our work, but we must be *generous* and *self effacing*. Be ready to recognize accomplishment of others.

3. Along with knowledge there must be *self reliance*. Have the courage to give forth your knowledge. Inspire others that you know. To teach belief you must believe.

4. Not only must you be a persistent worker, you *must make your industry count*. Plan your work ahead. You will find help everywhere. In beginning have a broad view of subject. Work out details week by week, month by month.

5. *Draw strength from prayer*. We must not only be prayerful, we must draw strength out of prayer. A good leader should also be a good follower. Pray in faith and with an open-mindedness for help.

IV. Do I Measure Up?

AM I the kind of leader I should like to go to?

We are a church of teachers. Dr. Widtsoe, at a recent conference, said, "It is our privilege to teach the truth to the world." We who have been called to this organization must believe in M. I. A.; we must live it, we must feel that it is our part in this world teaching.

The "will to do," is the great key to success. May I ask the question, "Are you willing to get in and give the best that you have?"—*Bertha S. Stevenson.*

Program for Sunday Evening Conjoint Meeting

General Theme—Eternal Progression

1. Introductory remarks by the Presiding Officer.

2. Singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" or some other hymn suited to the theme.

3. Invocation by some one previously appointed.

4. Music—Suited to the theme.

5. The Slogan (A) Comments.
(B) Presentation.

6. Reading—(Preferably from memory) Hymn beginning "If you could hie to Kolob."

7. Address—15 minutes on the theme, a universal point of view—(See information presented hereafter.)

8. Address—15 minutes on the theme, from a scriptural point of view—(See material presented hereinafter.)

9. Singing, "We Thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet" or some other hymn suited to the theme.

10. Benediction—By some one previously appointed and notified of the theme.

Material to Assist in Preparation of Talks

Provisions of the Doctrine of Eternal Progression

IT provides for the constant expansion of human intelligence, and the extension of freedom, the discovery of the new and the improvement of the old, the doing of common things in an uncommon way. It provides for being actively dissatisfied with things and conditions that we can make better. It provides for an "all-ness" of knowledge that includes the knowledge of how to get more knowledge. It provides for a fullness of glory that has in it endless increase of glory. Its possessions are not limited to mortality. Advancement is a characteristic of human intelligence; discovery and new achievement are major sources of joy; consistency in thought calls for the conclusion that no avenue of elevative enjoyment is closed to the dwellers in Heaven that is left open to the inhabitants of Earth.

Individual Effort Not Sufficient

The eternal progress which belongs to an abundant life cannot be made without help. Progress made by experience alone is not life at high tide; obedience is essential. When one thinks to eliminate obedience from his stream of life he shuts off the supply of power coming from *above*, and *beyond* himself; he is like the man who refuses to follow a map or chart other than one made by himself.

It is safe to say that obedience accelerates onwardness. The desirable advancement of the soul of man depends upon effort plus obedience, plus the inspiration of the Almighty.

The Developing Power of the Doctrine

The *now* is a part of the *forever*, *time* is part of *eternity*. A belief that holds in it the idea of unending achievement and growth, will stimulate an interest in the means of achievement.

Our bodies are machines of conquest; progress without bodies cannot equal the progress with them. Interest in inevitably leads to care of. Any given plan for human progress will include provisions for physical skill, which is one of the high points in physical development.

The idea of progress and the emotions arising out of discovery in the world of intellectual achievement are both lure and urge to mental activity, and when the idea is connected up with a belief in the endlessness of progress, it takes hold of the believer and holds him to the task of reaching higher levels and viewing broader fields in a way that wearies not, but develops to the utmost.

The doctrine of eternal progress provides for the development of manhood into that of Godhood, by humanity following in the line of progress taken by the divinities; from children to creators, from caretakers to possessors, from possessors to makers of worlds.

With such a belief and the hope that must inevitably accompany it, the spiritual nature of man is kept in

a state of activity that is conducive to high standards of development. Thus does the doctrine of eternal progression provide for our physical, mental, and spiritual development.

Some Citations to Scripture

The loss of the privilege of progression, the punishment of Satan. See compendium Page 277.

Eternal increase a privilege of the Celestial Kingdom. See Doctrine and Covenants, 132:19, 20.

The Victory of the Savior, progressive. See Doctrine and Covenants 65:5 and Revelations 11, 15.

God's onwardness unending. See Doctrine and Covenants 32.

Some Suitable Quotations

"Yet, I doubt not through the ages
One increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened
With the process of the Suns."
—*Tennyson.*

"Step by step, since time began
I see the steady gain of man."
—*Whittier.*

"We live by administration, hope and love and even as there are full and wisely fixed
In dignity of being, we ascend."
—*Wadsworth.*

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow
Is our destined end or way,
But to act, that each tomorrow
Finds us farther than today.
—*Longfellow.*

If we tread our vices under our feet, we make
Of them a ladder by which we rise to higher things.
—*St. Augustine.*

"Build thee more stately mansions,
O, my soul
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave the low vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
'Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine out-grown shell by life's unresting sea."
—*O. W. Holmes.*

What man is God once was,
What God is man may become.
—*President Lorenzo Snow*

And now, I give unto the church in these parts a commandment, that certain men among them shall be appointed. * * * by the voice of the church. And they shall look to the poor and the needy, and administer to their relief that they shall not suffer; and send them forth to the place which I have commanded them, and this shall be their work, to govern the affairs of the property of this church. * * * And if ye seek the riches which it is the will of the Father to give unto you, ye shall be the richest of all people, for ye shall have the riches of eternity;* * but beware of pride, lest ye become as the Nephites of old.—Doc. & Cov., Section 38.

Community Activity

ALREADY nearly one-half of the time allotted for the carrying on of our special activities in Music, Drama, Dancing, Public Speaking and Story Telling, has passed. Everywhere the program has been favorably received and entered into with eagerness. In some associations whose numbers are small and whose leadership or housing facilities are limited it has been possible to take up only one or two of the subjects outlined, while in larger wards whose advantages are greater three or four or all of the groups are being conducted.

Primarily this is an educational program intended to increase individual appreciation for these fine arts, but there must go with it, hand in hand, the expression of the principles involved. It is hoped, therefore, that in connection with all of the groups conducted there has been much activity either in the half hour period or in periods outside of the M. I. A. meeting.

Music

In this division there are four courses provided: One in music appreciation—enlivened and enriched throughout by illustrations but intended mainly for those who listen rather than sing—and three for singing groups—male chorus, ladies' chorus and mixed chorus. For each of these groups a number of selections are listed, all of which must be prepared in order that the group may be eligible to participate in the Music Festival to be held at the June Conference, 1932. Where housing facilities are favorable these groups are using the half hour period for analysis and rehearsal of the selections listed and are doubtless finding it necessary also to extend their rehearsals beyond the regular Mutual time.

It is strongly urged that all music groups who have not yet commenced their work will organize at once and will work energetically during the remainder of the season.

Dancing

The course for this department provides for considerable activity as well as a fine study of the art of dancing. The third evening was entirely devoted to dances and dance mixers, the tenth evening to the learning of the correct waltz step, the eleventh and twelfth to the tango step and contest dance, while the others call for constant demonstration of points presented.

Public Speaking

While the twelve evenings are devoted to a study of the various steps in the preparation and delivery of a speech, the actual presentation by individuals should accompany it. It was intended that on practically every evening brief speeches should be delivered illustrating the points discussed.

Story

There has been little or no difficulty in this course as again and again throughout the course the suggestion is offered that stories be analyzed and told in the class period.

Drama

The combining of actual play production with a course in appreciation of drama is somewhat difficult for the reason that when casts are made up of certain individuals the interest of those not selected decreases.

However many opportunities are presented for participation by the entire group in the reading of certain scenes, in discussing and criticising each other's rendition, in interpreting given lines, and in demonstrating stage technique.

The individuals selected for casts are either excused from the group to carry on their rehearsals during the half- hour period or there will be provided additional time for rehearsal.

Public Presentation

During the month of December, it is recommended that each group be given an opportunity to present before the entire Mutual or the ward some feature of the work accomplished. The suggestions in the Activity Manual (page 69) are indicative of what may be done.

Note: This year's activities in all lines are exceeding those of other years, if the amount of printed material called for is any index. Many of the publications of the M. I. A. have been sold out, and reprints must be made. If your orders are not filled promptly, the probable reason is that the new copies are not yet off the press, and in the shortest possible time, your materials will be sent.

Adult Messages

Leaders

EACH Adult group should have two Adult Leaders (one Y. M. & one Y. L.) for the discussion or study period and two for the recreation period.

So far as possible laymen should be used as discussion leaders, but if it seems wise to use an expert it should be one in sympathy with the book "How To Live" and the "Study Outline"—provided by the Adult Committee.

The Adult Discussion Leaders should make an earnest effort to have every member of the class supplied with a Study Outline (15c). This will enable each member to read at least the salient points and the L. D. S. beliefs and come to the class prepared to discuss the lesson. It will direct their thought to the subject and open their eyes to newspaper and magazine articles along the same line.

A few cents contributed by each member would supply the class with several copies of "How To Live." These books could then be used by the members who have part on the program. The Adult group at Rock Springs is to be congratulated on having 18 copies among its members.

The two Recreation Leaders should read the instructions for them in the M. I. A. Handbook, pages 62 and 194; the Community Activity Manual, Chapters 4 and 5; and the Study Outline, page 41.

Recreation

ADULTS need to play, to relax, to make their leisure-time an antidote for their work, re-create their spirits for the next day's work and add to the wholeness of their living.

Many adults have not been trained —have not skills in a great many cultural or leisure-time activities, still we are making use of but a tithe of those they have in our Adult Mutual Groups.

Do you know that: adults need socializing, humanizing activities more than youth?

That you cannot have a good adult group unless you have a good recreation leader?

That this recreation leader must know the interests of her group and use them?

That everyone has a leisure interest, a hobby if you can uncover it?

That it is harder to get adults to play than youth?

That your leader must have a great many types of activity in mind to draw from?

Have you a recreation leader?

Has she a program?

Is she putting it over?

Have you had a "hobby night?"

Is your group interested in music? (See Music Outline Activity Handbook.)

Can your group put on little stunt plays? (See "Stunt Plays," 75c., Old Town Publishers, Inc., New York, or send to Deseret Book Company, Salt Lake City.)

Does your group know several games they can play with their young folks in their own home?

Does your group like to dance the old-time or the new-time dances together? Let them.

Is your leader building a recreation kit—activities to do and how to do them—and an activity kit with whistle, twine, bags, etc., so as to do things? (See Recreation Supplement, pp, 41-46, in Study Outline to accompany "How to Live.")

Do you write to the Adult Committee General Board to help you solve your problem?

A live leader will have a live class whether they are 25 years old or 100 years young.

Nothing worth while is done without effort. Even worth while play is effort and great joy comes only from worth while activities.

A limited number of "Study Outline" for the use of "Leisure within the Family Group" prepared by the General Federation of Women's Clubs are obtainable. Write to the Y. M. M. I. A. Office, 406 Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, and enclose a two cent stamp, if you desire a copy.

From this leaflet we print: Part VII Adult Leisure Activities.

Part VII—Adult Leisure Activities

Adult personalities have resulted from the effect of environment on hereditary tendencies and instincts. While habits and interests may be fixed, there are still great possibilities for development. The healthy adult continues to enjoy new experiences, and responds to beauty along the lines of his established interests. His or her need for self expression is always present.

For some work-a-day world affords opportunity for self expression and brings adventure. These men and women need to re-create their energies and to relax in the leisure hours at home. For many the work-a-day world grants no such opportunities, so that all the adventure of maturity must be gotten in the leisure hours at home and abroad. If a desk task be the daily occupation, some of the leisure time should be spent in active recreation; if work makes heavy physical demands, the leisure hours should permit physical relaxation and mental activity.

The leisure activities that will develop the adult to the fullest will depend, therefore: 1st, on abilities and interests, and 2nd, upon the extent to which the work hours afford opportunity for individual expression. But such leisure hours at home should provide for:

Self expression through artistic creation if any abilities exist; or through planning and constructing useful, and often beautiful, articles; or through research by experimentation, collection and observation.

Interpretation of works of art by reading aloud, reciting, acting, playing music, singing, etc., or study of and discourse on scientific, philosophical, political and economic subjects.

Appreciation of art, results of science, civic movements.

Renewal of youth through play with children.

Social intercourse with other adults through play or through mutual interests.

One interest may satisfy all needs. For example:

A man or woman interested in flowers may spend many winter evenings studying books on kinds of flowers, flower growing, landscaping. (Interpretation.)

They may spend many winter evenings planning the gardens.

They may spend spare time in spring, summer and fall in creating and caring for the garden. (Self expression.)

They will get great joy from visiting beautiful gardens. (Appreciation.)

They will be able to interest children in flowers. (Family interest in adult hobby.)

They will forge a link that will bind them to other flower lovers. (Social intercourse.)

Or—

A man or woman with dexterous hands may become interested in studying the history of decorative use of metals and stones in the home and on the person, or the geology of such metals and stones. (Interpretation.)

They may spend much leisure copying or originating designs of jewelry and vases, etc. (Interpretation or self expression.)

They may spend many winter evenings working metals and stones into vases, jewelry, boxes, etc. (Self expression.)

They will enjoy vists to museums and stores where collections of stones, of ores, of historical jewelry and art ware are on display. (Appreciation.)

They will have the interest of the children who love colorful things and will want jewelry made for them. (Family interests in adult hobby.)

They will form friendships among other creators or collectors of these art objects. (Social intercourse.)

Determine the line of interest, stimulate the first effort and enthusiasm will be maintained.

Remember mother must have leisure interests of her very own apart from thoughts and deeds for her family. She can only continue to hold her place in the social life of the grown-up family as she makes her own contribution to its interests.

Make your adult group the best in the church recreationally.

Be conversant with the Activity Manual and the Recreation Supplement in the Study Outline.

M Men-Gleaners

Joint Program

THE M-Men-Gleaner Joint Program for the month of December is "Manners in Public." (See M-Men Manual, p. 140; Gleaner Manual, p. 25.) A debate: "Resolved that equal rights for women have resulted in lessened chivalry" is scheduled for this program. It is suggested that the debate could be conducted as follows:

(a) That eight or more contestants be selected for each side.

(b) If it is desired the Gleaner Girls might debate the M-Men.

(c) The M-Men select one judge, the Gleaner Girls a second judge and the two judges select a disinterested third judge.

(d) Have affirmative contestant speaker first and then a negative, second affirmative and continue alternating until all contestants have spoken. Let the last speaker on each side give rebuttal and summary of the points advanced by his side.

(e) Perhaps two minutes for each speaker would be sufficient time and three minutes for the last speaker on each side for rebuttal.

For debating helps we refer you to: "The Right Thing at all Times," pages 63-70; 73-76; 80-85; 173-176.

The Gleaner reading course book "Singing in the Rain," chapter XII, "The Happy Ways," pages 173-188. Emerson's essay on "Manners."

"The Improvement Era" for October, November and December, 1931, articles by Adah R. Naylor, "The Right Thing at All Times," "Laying a Foundation of Good Manners" and "Social Relationships."

"Manners are the happy way of doing things: each one a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage."—Emerson.

"Fine manners show themselves formidable to the uncultivated man." —Emerson.

"Fine manners are melody, graciousness is song, and some must forever be mute, singing only in their hearts."—Anne Shannon Monroe.

"Fine manners are not a matter of finish, of veneer: to be effective, they must go into the grain."—Anne Shannon Monroe.

Free to Everybody

I am a little thing with a big meaning.
I help everybody.
I unlock doors, open hearts, dispel prejudice.
I create friendship and good-will.
I inspire respect and admiration.
Everybody loves me.
I bore nobody.
I cost nothing.
I lost nothing.
Many have praised me, none have condemned me.
I am pleasing to those of high and low degree.
I am useful every moment of the day—

I am courtesy.

My Prayer

Teach me, dear Lord, to be too brave to be unkind,
And give me understanding that I may not mind
The little hurts companions give, and friends,
Those careless hurts which none quite intend,
And make me too thoughtful to hurt other people's souls.
Help me to know the inmost hearts of those for whom I care,
Their secret wishes and all the loads they bear;
That I may add my courage to their own;
May I make lonely folks feel less alone
And happier ones a little happier, yet
May I forget
What ought to be forgotten
And recall, unfailing, all that ought to be recalled
Each kind thing, and may I bring
To all along my way from day to day
Happiness, hope and charity in everything.

Sunrise and Morning Star

By LULU GREENE RICHARDS

THE Nocturne deftly exists in his slumber cap and gown,
While peeping at approaching forms through curtains mauve and brown;
They come!
Their splendor excellent and glorious to behold—
Long silver shafts, superbly gemmed with violet, rose and gold.
Forerunners these of greater things:
As bridegroom, next in sight,
Appears the radiant Sun himself,
In glowing, dazzling light.
Salutes the modest Morning Star, as joyous bride serene,
Half hidden in her bridal-veil of pearl and snowy sheen.
He touches reverently her dainty finger tips,
Then kisses soft her flowing hair, and sweet, responsive lips;
Awaiting the approval of her sire, the Morning Gleam.
They dally, safely nestled in young love's transporting dream.
The Gleam, all kindness, beckons them with noble deference,
A father's smile bestows upon discretion's innocence,
benediction said,
The sacred marrigae service, and his
He points them on—
What grandeur,
When power and grace are wed!

With changing shapes, and playful shades, dream fairies float away,
And leave me with realities—a newborn, busy day!

Gleaner Girls

Course of Study

FOR the month of December, Discussions Seven and Eight, Chapters 18 to 20 inclusive of the "History of the Church," pages 115-139 of the Gleaner Manual, will be given. In connection with this history, we suggest the following references:

Chapter XVIII in text.

"Leading Lights Go Out Through Transgression." — Ref. "Essentials in Church History," by Joseph Fielding Smith—pages 206-209. "Life of Joseph Smith," by George Q. Cannon, pages 225-226.

"Oliver Cowdery's Blessing given to Another."—Ref. "Essentials in Church History," p. 307.

"Haun's Mill Massacre."—Ref. "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," by John Henry Evans, pages 266-268. "Essentials in Church History," pp. 233-242. "Life of Joseph Smith," pp. 254-258.

"Nauvoo Made Beautiful"—"A Day of Miracles."—Ref. "Life of Joseph Smith," pp. 291-294. "Essentials in Church History," pp. 263-273.

Chapters XIX and XX in text.

"To make clear the causes and events that led up to the martyrdom of the Prophet Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum."

It covers a period in our history when the leaders and Saints were tried almost beyond their power to endure. We see the Prophet Joseph Smith rise above his enemies and reach the zenith of his career, only to find, not his enemies alone, but many of his once loyal friends turn and join forces to defeat him.

Ref. "Life of Joseph Smith," pp. 373-475. "Essentials in Church History," pp. 320-366.

"The Martyrdom."—Ref. "Life of Joseph Smith," pp. 477-494. "Essentials in Church History," pp. 367-384. "Our Church and People," by John Henry Evans, pp. 148-152. "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 344-354.

Note: Footnote (*a*) in the text, at the bottom of page 124 given as "See Cannon's Life of Joseph Smith, p. 301," should be p. 293.

Projects

YOUR "Treasures of Truth" book should contain for the month of December, your personal tribute to your loved ones, your friends, teachers and leaders, who have had an ennobling influence on your life. Into these tributes you can weave many of the beautiful incidents in your life which have helped to strengthen and build character for you; which have sweetened and mellowed your life and helped you over the rough places. The following tribute to "Mothers" is taken from a "Treasure of Truth" book:

A Tribute to Mothers

"God could not be everywhere, so He made mothers." Someone has glorified this statement. The someone is your mother and mine. She has glorified her position because she is lovable, which is the most persistent, evergreen and irresistible of human motives: she has charm, though she may not be beautiful of face. Her power is deep, cosmic, as strong and mysterious as gravitation. She is void of egotism; she is full of self-reverence. She was happy in girlhood, contented in wifehood, glorified in motherhood. She has wisdom and many are guided by her instinct, and possesses such character that she secretly moulds the natures of her children. She is a "flowering rose-bush in times of pleasure," but a high tower in times of trouble. Her heart is full of understanding; she knows the feeling back of your words. Her smile is as the reward of Heaven. She is intelligent, brave and true and the best inheritance from the world that was and the "matrix of the world to come." She is not the champion of religious doctrine, but is the incarnation of the religious instinct.

" 'She is the ladder by the brook where man dreams; she reaches to Heaven; upon the rungs of her soul angels ascend and descend.'

"Do you recognize your mother and mine?"

The outlines for eight discussions on the Project, pages 17-18, Gleaner Manual, are suggestive. You may wish to take from or add to these outlines. We suggest that each leader and girl give in her book a personal history of her parents and other members of her family, with dates of birth, marriage, etc., incidents of interest, with photographs.

If the "Treasures of Truth" book truly represents the girl's "treasures" it will contain a portion which will be too sacred for class discussion, i. e., private letters, patriarchal blessings, etc., are of a sacred, personal nature.

Reading Course Book

THE last Tuesday in December which is listed in the calendar as an open night, will be a very happy one, if the gleaner book "Singing in the Rain" is the subject for group discussion. Chapter three of the Gleaner Manual, page 22, reveals to you the spirit of this book. With its 18th printing comes these words, "Here are heart to heart talks made out of the matter of life itself, inspiring, sympathetic, human, personal. They are lessons on beautiful living, by a woman who knows her subject well."

Emily Newell Blair says of "Singing in the Rain":

"As I read essay after essay, the power of word subdued me. My nerves relaxed; peace entered in. True, I knew these things with my mind—when I remembered them—but my body was not under their dominion. It was a-flutter with desires, demands, worries. It had to have these things recalled to it—not by bare statements of fact, but by rare imagery, by incidents, by soothing phrase. It had to have the same truths reiterated in the same key, but in many tunes, until at last the influence of these truths was felt, until I realized as well as believed them. Then I knew this was of those rare books —rare since they must be written out of the heart as well as the head—that serve to bring people into the Great Harmony, and that I should read it again and again. What a sense of personal gratitude one has to an author for such a find!"

Select three or four of the chapter headings—the ones which you feel will have the most appeal to your particular group. Have these chapters reviewed by gleaners best adapted to the subject. Have them give in their review their favorite quotation. As an example of such quotations the following are suggested:

"Singing in the Rain," page 19.

"And once I found in the cindery crater of an extinct volcano a bravely rooted bleeding heart, all delicately hung with blood-filled blossoms. Where did it get its nourishment in those volcanic cinders? Where—we might ask—do they all get their nourishment—all those who root and bloom so beautifully in such untoward soil?

"For everywhere we see them, in every community, in every smallest circle—these high souls of earth—with the light of battle in their eyes and the God of battles at their back, carrying on unfalteringly as the boys in France carried on—but magnificently alone, without the cheer of stirring band music or a commanding officer's orders. And they march on and march on, and march on up through the years. * * * But they do hear music—music never heard by those of the drooped head and dragging feet, the music of God's harmonies. * * * "

"The Open Channel," page 29.

"Now, spiritual force is real or it is nothing. It is a power in the world as definite as electrcity, or it is non-existent. It furnishes a current for running purposes in the full-blooded health of our days, or it does nothing of value for us. It is a superforce, as surely as there is a reservoir of water for quenching a city's thirst—or it is not there at all. There can be no middle course. Prayer clears the channel so that the spiritual force can flow in and become the internal driving power of our lives, or it has no effect whatever. * * * Prayer has no virtue unless it clears the channel to God. Light comes with the cleared channel, with the release of the heavy hold of materiality; there's goldenness in it, there's glory in it, as with the sun in a new day. What comes out of our praying? That is the test. Unless there is light we have not cleared the channel. The light proves the clearing; the life proves the will to follow the light."

"Self Bound," page 161; 165.

"Self is the narrowest of countries, and its boundaries are soon reached."

Junior Girls

The Unseen Temple

A builder builded a temple,
He wrought it wth grace and skill;
Pillars and groins and arches
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said, as they saw its beauty
"It shall never know decay;
Great is thy skill, oh builder,
Thy fame shall endure for aye!"

A teacher builded a temple,
With loving and infinite care,
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer;
None praised her unceasing efforts,
None knew of her wondrous plan;
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.

Gone is the builder's temple
Crumbled into dust;
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust;
But the temple the teacher builded
Will last while the ages roll;
For the beautiful, unseen temple,
Is a girl's immortal soul.

Course of Study

OUR calendar tells us that for December 8th and 15th we are to discuss chapters 9 and 10 in the Junior manual, "Building a Life." The subjects for consideration are "Honesty" and "Sincerity." In order to stimulate interest it is suggested that Junior leaders prepare in advance at least ten questions to put to the girls on each of the subjects mentioned.

Leaders are again urged to keep in mind the theme of the entire course of study, that no lesson will be presented without a tie-up with the complete thought.

Supplementing chapter 9, the songs "O Say what is Truth," and "Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses," both present stimulating thoughts.

In chapter 10, emphasize the immeasurable value of being serene.

The Project

OCTOBER was set aside for a consideration of the personal stories of each Junior Girl in work on the Project "My Story, Lest I forget." November was to be devoted to her ancestors; December is set apart for a discussion of the missionaries in her own family, and many faith-promoting stories will be found in the experiences of her loved ones.

Class leaders will surely have greater success if they will work on their own projects along with the girls. It is a project which requires sustained efforts; it is one which will be of lasting benefit to the girls if they are inspired to continue to the end, but they will need enthusiasm if they are to complete their books, and leaders can help greatly in creating that enthusiasm.

For the first Tuesday in December, please refer to the topics under the heading of "The Project," pages 88 to 93 inclusive of the Junior Manual. Perhaps you would enjoy making the class discussion a sort of travelogue, having one or two of the girls invite a missionary from home to come and give them a ten-minute view of missionary work. Another suggestion is that the girls be assigned to prepare and bring to the class stories and pictures which they plan to put into their books. These may be read and shown to the rest of the class, and ideas in this way exchanged. The Project night in December should prove to be one of the most delightful evenings of the entire year.

The Junior Christmas Party

HOW would you like to increase the social spirit of your Junior class by means of a lovely Christmas Tree Party? December 22 is an open night which could be used for the purpose, and a delightful preparation for the celebration of the 25th would be the result.

Each girl might bring a few ornaments, and decorate a class tree, making a beautiful one with little or no expense, as the decorations could be taken home again in time for the decorating of the family Christmas tree. An exchange of gifts might be made, each girl bringing a simple present, the cost to be set beforehand. As the girls assemble, each is given a number, the gifts on the tree being numbered correspondingly. One of the girls is chosen to be Santa Claus, to distribute the gifts. Make it a real fun party with games to carry the Christmas spirit. (See Community Activity Manual for suggestions, page 383.)

Christmas cheer might easily be shared through carols sung by Junior girls, visits made to the sick, or Christmas baskets being distributed where needed.

Thoughts for Junior Leaders

WE have traveled a third of the way along the Junior path for the year. We have been gathering information to build strong and beautiful lives; and we want to build so

(Continued on page 112)

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4	Rib Knit, Med. Hvy., Silk Stripe, Cot.	1.65
5	Rib Knit, Extra Fine, White, Cotton..	1.30
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Bee-Hive Girls

Lesson Helps

Builders—Guide 13. (First Aid (Game) and fill cell 37. Guide 14. Square knot game.

Divide the group in two. Stand in circles. Each girl holds a triangular bandage by one corner with her left hand and takes the opposite corner of the bandage belonging to the girl next to her in her right hand. She makes a square knot with these two corners. The circle formed by the bandages is laid on the floor, each girl stands inside the circle and faces the knot which she has tied. The group having the most "square" knots, and finishing first, wins.

Gatherers—Guide 14. Correlate this lesson with the slogan for this year, particularly with regard to any projects fostered by your ward or stake. If the girls want to make any pledges be careful they select one which they are capable of keeping.

Guide 13. (See paragraph on Love Truth in Bee-Keeper's Book.)

Calendar

NYMPHS

December—Guides XI to XV—Christmas Programs.
January 5—Guide 8—Cell Making and Home Making.
January 12—Guide 9—Cell Making and Home Making.
January 19—Guide 10—Cell Making and Home Making.
January 26—Guide 16—Spirit of Hive and Spirit of Home.

BUILDERS

December 1—Guide 12—"An Evening with Mother."
December 8—Guide 13 — Common Accidents.
December 15—Guide 14—Triangular Bandages.
December 22 — Guide 15 — Honor Womanhood.
January 5—Guide 16—Open.
January 12—Guide 17—Life of the Bee.
January 19—Guide 18—National Anthem.
January 26—Guide 19—Bathing the Baby.

GATHERERS

December 1—Guide 12—Open.
December 8—Guide 13—Love Truth.
December 15—Guide 14—Word of Wisdom.
December 22—Guide 15—Temporal Blessings.
January 5—Guide 16—Open.
January 12—Guide 17—Games.
January 19—Guide 18—Civic Responsibility.
January 26—Guide 19—Home Evening.

Games for Bee-Hive Girls

The program for the "Nymphs" includes a song and game section which will be found valuable by all Bee-Keepers. Look it over and you will find suggestions which will delight you.

EMERGENCY GAME—FOR FOUNDATION CELL NO. 6

EQUIPMENT: Slips of paper placed around the room on which names of various kinds of first aid apparatus are written: such as bandages, hot water bottle, blanket, remedies for burns, aromatic spirits of ammonia, etc. (Have the actual articles if possible.)

Procedure: Divide into two groups choosing a leader of each. Let all the girls observe the articles placed about the room for just a few moments but they must not touch them. Then each leader is given a slip of paper with some emergency written on it, such as "fainted," "bad cut on the hand," "clothes on fire," "a sprained ankle," "a bruise on the shin." First group No. 1 runs to the assistance of their leader, determine the nature of the ailment and proceed to collect as quickly as possible the remedies and apparatus required for giving treatment. The members of the group then tell briefly what they would do, how they would use the apparatus indicated. Slips of paper or articles are then replaced and Group No. 2 proceeds to act out another emergency in the same way.

Envelopes for Scrap Books

By Mildred Moss, Woods Cross, Utah

SERVICE is the rent we pay for the space we occupy upon the earth. I shall be pleased if the accompanying suggestion, which I have been requested to send in, is of use.

While building my Bee-Hive Scrap Book, I found that I did not always have time to care for my material properly. Sometimes I lost valuable clippings by putting them aside when I lacked time. Some work which Mother was doing at the same time gave us much concern as to how to care for such things. Together we devised a system of "homemade" envelopes. We made large envelopes from laundry and wrapping paper.

The envelopes were made about one inch shorter each way than the

(*Continued on page* 112)

Vanguards-Scouts

Brother Mine

To Jack, a Boy Scout

IF I should write a song to you
To tell the dreams I have for you,
There's nothing great you could not do—
Dear young brother mine.

There lies a great world at your feet
With hardships too for you to meet,
But always there'll be joys to greet—
Dear young brother mine.

O I would have you meet life fair,
With gallant stride and happy air,
And challenge life with manhood rare—
Dear young brother mine.

Partake of all the good bestowed
And seek to lighten every load,
Trust God to show the happy road—
Dear young brother mine.

—*Bessie Jones.*

Boy Scouts to the Rescue

WILBURN WEST

TWENTY years ago New York's forestry officials declared that some definite plan of reforestation was necessary. America's woodland was being decreased by thousands of acres annually, and very little effort was being made to replenish the supply. Today, fortunately, that condition has changed. New York is now replanting many of the hills that once bristled with primitive pines.

Thus it was that early one Saturday morning some one hundred fifty Boy Scouts from Cayuga County Council left "headquarters" with a definite goal in view. Two hundred and fifty thousand baby pines were to be planted. Groups of ten or fifteen were assigned to various sections. Ours was the hills surrounding Spring Lake, some twenty-five miles north-west of Auburn.

Cherry trees were abloom in flooding abundance, for Nature is lavish in the Finger Lakes Region. Birds, frogs, bees, butterflies, a group of carefree lads, and a day in the woods—whose imagination is not stirred at the thought?

After seesawing in and out along a rusty trail several miles off the highway, we broke into a clearing. Here we were to plant our trees. It had been plowed, and was marked north and south at six foot intervals, and east

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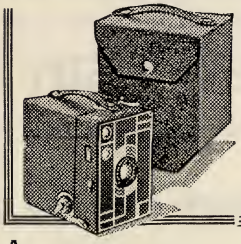

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Beau Brownie has the new Kodak Double lens. No. 2 takes 2¼ x 3¼ pictures. Price, $4; with case $5.50. No 2A, 2½ x 4¼ pictures. Price, $5; with case $6.50.

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and west by the same distance. Thus the marks crossed every six feet. Preparation had been made by the owners, who had purchased the trees through the Farm Bureau for less than a half cent each. Fellows with mattocks dug holes where the marks crossed, and others followed, planting the "Nursery Babies," which were about eight inches from root to top.

At noon we hiked through the woods to the camp of a Sportsman's club on the edge of the lake, and here we had free use of their cabin. The club members provided the lunch which consisted of hot dogs (and cinders), sandwiches, bananas, ice cream, etc. After lunch suitable facilities and time were available for those desiring to pass Forestry Merit Badge requirements.

About mid-afternoon, a thunder shower arose, which sent everyone scurrying for shelter. It left as suddenly as it came, however, so that it was not long before we were able to work again.

When we had finished, we prepared supper, and just before dark left for home.

From the results of previous years, it is estimated that at least seventy-five per cent of the seedlings planted will live. "Tree Planting" in New York is a growing proposition. Last year Cayuga County set out 140,000, as compared with 250,000 this. One county distributed over 700,000. As approximately one thousand are required per acre, there are now thousands of acres in the state dedicated to the production of timber. The Scouts who give their services are awarded suitable medals, and are taught the value and necessity of preserving America's forests.

Bee-Hive Girls

Continued from page 110

scrap book cover. In order to give more room, a fold was made in each lengthwise end of the envelope. Before pasting together, we placed a Peter Pan patch about one inch from the outer edge and in the center of the flap; punched a hole in the center of the patch; made a pencil dot on the upper side of the envelope to correspond and push a brass brad through, at the dot, from the underside. Over the head of the brass brad we placed a piece of adhesive tape to keep the brad in place. (We tried other things but found the adhesive tape best.) Between the upper and under sides of the envelope at the bottom, and inside, we placed a strip of unbleached muslin about one or one and one-half inches wide, and stitched it across on the sewing machine.

I placed my symbol on the ones I used, and printed the name of that which I wished to put into it in one corner. I had an envelope for each of the seven fields and three or four extra ones for any other material I considered important enough, such as recipes, pictures, party plans and poems. These envelopes were fastened in my scrap book cover the same as pages. From the material gathered and placed in these folders, I made pages for my permanent scrap book.

The girls in our Ward are making their cover and placing the envelopes in the back of it.

If the following cut is not self-explanatory, I shall be glad to write details to anyone so requesting.

(Mildred graduated from Bee-Hive last year and is now an assistant Bee-Keeper.)

Suggestions

Be sure that the girls help plan the programs for the Open nights. This is another opportunity given for their development and enjoyment. When desirable Builders and Gatherers may meet together for their Open nights and their half hour activities.

Are your girls preserving material prepared in filling cells, so that it can be placed in their scrap books?

Junior Girls

Continued from page 109

surely and so well that we can give of our strength to those who need our help.

Class leaders are the beacon lights for their girls. As signals shine high on the mountains, in the depths of the valleys and over the ports, that airplanes might be guided safely to their destinations, so class leaders point the way for the girls. Never will she be unprepared with her light, or show a false path. She looks ahead, she knows wherein she is weak, she seeks wisdom, and always she prays for the blessings of her Heavenly Father to attend her. If she will follow the outlined program and develop it to the best of her ability, she will find that it is a marked highway, and in it she will find help for herself and girls.

When you accomplish something worthy of note in your group, write it up and send to the *Era*. Other classes will be delighted to learn of your efforts and successes.

The Junior Committee of the General Board takes this opportunity of wishing the girls of the Church a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

- - - If you see Bill or Mary tell them *'hello!'*

How often have these been your parting words to friends or acquaintances. There is something about a personal greeting that warms the heart. We like our friends to carry little intimate messages to other friends from whom we are separated.

The Improvement Era is just such an emissary of kindliness and goodwill. It is always ready to go anywhere . . . far or near . . . to carry from you an interesting greeting. And not just once—but twelve times a year. Bits of tender verse, charming narrative and stimulating messages from leaders of the Church!

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Just to make it simple and easy for you to remember a friend, we make you this proposition: Send us his or her name and address—with the $2—and we will mail along with the first number of the Era a beautiful Christmas Greeting Card, making known that it comes from "You." Just fill out the accompanying blank, and one of the happiest details of your Christmas shopping will be over.

Send a messenger of greeting twelve times a year—

The Improvement ERA

Gentlemen: Here is my $2.00 for one year's subscription.
Send receipt to—

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ADDRESS .....

WARD ..... STAKE .....

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NAME .....

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M. I. A. Monthly Report of Accomplishments for September 1931

	No. of Wards in Stake	No. Reporting		No. of Wards fully Organized		No. of Wards having conducted Opening Social	No. of Wards Organized for the Theory Half-Hour Period	No. of Wards having held the Sun. evening joint session for Sept.	No. having used Era Program
		Y.M.	Y.L.	Y.M.	Y.L.				
Alberta	10	2		2		0		1	
Alpine	6		6		5	6	6	6	3
Bannock	9		6		4	6	1	2	
Bear Lake	11	7	5		5	7	3	*	
Bear River	12		12		9	12			
Benson	14		14		13	14	12	9	8
Big Horn	6		6		5	6	4	4	3
Blackfoot	14		6		6	6	6	6	6
Blaine	6		1		0	1	1	1	1
Boxelder	13		13		9	13	13	13	
Carbon	5		2		1	2	2	2	2
Cache	8		8		6	7	8	5	5
Cassia	6		5		4	5	4		
Cottonwood	10	7	7	8	6	7	7	7	6
Deseret	12		4		4	3	12	4	3
East Jordan	11	11	6	8	5	11	7	10	6
Emery	12		10		10	10	6	5	4
Ensign	8	8	8	7	7	8	4	7	6
Franklin	11		10		10	11	9	*	
Garfield	8		5		3	4	4	5	4
Granite	10	9	10	7	9	10	10	9	7
Grant	14		11		10	11		11	7
Gunnison	6		6		3	6	1	6	6
Hollywood	13		11		6	11	1	10	7
Hyrum	10		7		7	10	4	5	4
Idaho	9		3		2	2	1	3	3
Idaho Falls	12	12	11	10	9	12	8	10	9
Juab	5		5		4	5	5	4	3
Juarez	5		2		2	2	2	2	2
Kolob	5		5		5	5	5	5	2
Liberty	12	11	11	10	10	11	11	11	8
Los Angeles	11	9	11		5	11	10	*	
Lost River	7	1	0		1	3	1	0	
Malad	9		7		9	9	5	9	0
Maricopa	11	10	10	8	8	10	10	10	9
Millard	9		6		7	6	5	6	6
Minidoka	8		1		1		1	1	1
Moapa	9		7		7	7	4	3	3
Montpelier	13		6		2	6	4	6	4
Moroni	5		4		3	4	3	4	4
Nebo	9		9		7	9	7	9	5
North Sanpete	5		5		4	5	3	5	3
North Sevier	14		10		4	10	6	9	6
Ogden	12	8	12		9	12	12	12	8
Oneida	11	6	10	5	4	10	7	8	6
Oquirrh	6	5	6	4	5	6	5	6	6
Palmyra	9		9		7	9	9	7	7
Panguitch	6	2		2		2	2	1	1
Pocatello	10	8	9	9	7	10	9	10	10
Portneuf	8	5	8		8	8	6	4	4
Roosevelt	9		6		4	6	3	6	5
St. George	9		8		7	8	6	5	4
South Davis	8	5	8		8	8	8	8	8
South Sanpete	7		6		6	6	6	6	6
South Sevier	8	7	7		7	8	5	4	4
Star Valley	11		10		8	10	5	7	7
Summit	13		6		6	6	3	3	1
Sharon	7		3		4	7		3	0
Salt Lake	13	13	9	10	7	13	9	9	11
San Juan	4		2		1	2	2	2	2
Sevier	7		5		3	5	4	3	3
St. Johns	7	3	3		3	3	3	2	2
St. Joseph	16	7	8	6	8	8	8	5	4
Taylor	6		6		6	6	6	6	4
Teton	6		5		5	6	3	*	
Timpanogos	6		5		4	5	4	5	3
Tintic	4		3		3	3	1	3	3
Tooele	10		4		9	7	3	4	3
Uintah	8		8		8	8	8	8	8
Union	6		5		5	5	5	4	4
Utah	9	9	9	8	5	9	9	9	7
Wasatch	9		9		9	9	9	**	1
Wayne	7		6		3	6	3	5	3
Weber	9	4		4		4	4	4	
West Jordan	8	7	7	5	5	7	7	6	4
Yellowstone	10	4	5			3	4	*	
Zion Park	6	7	4	4	6	6	4	4	2
Canadian Mission	5		4		2	5	3	3	0
Northwestern States Mission	37		17		16	17	16	15	14
Northern States Mission	16		13		4	12	9	6	6

*Stake Conference.
**Quartely Conference.

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A Daughter of Martha

Continued from page 78

looked up at him supplicatingly, but with no thought of fear. The moon which had illumined his bare shoulders, also fell upon the bright, glistening curls of the woman. In all the years of her marriage no one had ever praised the curls which, in spite of neglect had clung tightly to the round head. Now the Indian looked at her intently.

"Long time gone—you fix little papoose—in a leetle house— papoose so seek?" He pointed a forefinger at the telltale curls. The years rolled from Gloria. She stood in her mother's one room house, bathing a suffering Indian baby; reducing his fever, preparing proper food. She was giving the grateful parents a bottle of oil. "Yes—" she answered staunchly. "I give you white man's medicine. I save your papoose. You save mine. No burn hay?"

FOR answer the Indian stepped roughly upon the burning brand until every spark was gone. Then he jumped on his horse and spurred away. Gloria inspected the stacks. There was no other evidence of mischief. An Indian had remembered a fancied wrong, but he had not forgotten a real kindness.

The next morning Jonas noticed the charred stick and roundly scolded the hired men for carelessness. He did not seem to notice that two eagle feathers lay near the stick.

* * * *

After Lott disappeared, Bruce asked Lulu to marry him.

They were married at the Whitman home, in the parlor where the Franklin stove and the square piano shared honors for distinction. Nancy filled the big vases with real flowers. Gloria made a wedding dress for Lulu, who knew nothing of sewing. Aunt Catherine found a magenta ribbon in her trunk, which improved the pasty color which white gave to Lulu's dark skin. Peter pruned the moss rose bushes and cleaned the rank grass from the lily pond. Gloria made a wedding cake. A farm magazine had a recipe for pink frosting. How beautiful it looked—almost too lovely to eat. Nancy feasted her eyes upon this marvelous creation — the twins took surreptitious tastes, and Aunt Catherine had a third slice. She also played a wedding march on the big, square piano, which sounded suspiciously like "God Save the Queen!"

Gloria as interested as though it was a family wedding, gave them one of the vases of flowers and the wax flower dome which was not cracked. "I want to make the day perfect for you," she said. But although Bruce looked longingly toward the what-not where the twelve gourds lay in methodical arrangement, she shook her head.

PETER was now fourteen and an excellent shot with his air rifle. Nancy was twelve and even the twins, Flora and Florence, could have gone to school. But the short three month term came in the dead of winter, when the roads were treacherous. Jonas seemed not to see the need of education for girls. They would marry, and what good was education then?

Peter became a skilled trapper for so young a boy. Through the assistance of his teacher he learned the best months to set his traps, that time of the year when the furs would stay "set." The long disused conservatory, which had so impressed the Kirkman boys, held many straw-stuffed animals. Peddlers came through the

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valley, buying the pelts for as little as they felt the boy would take.

ONE day a light wagon stopped at the front gate, attracted by Peter's home-made sign, "Pelts for Sale." A stout man came slowly to the house, leaving his companion in the wagon. Peter took him to the improvised warehouse. There hung two coyote skins, two common red foxes, and one peculiar skin which Peter had called the "off color" fox. The trader gave a start of surprise at sight of this skin; fine black fur, with ever so small a tip of silver on the end of each hair. His eyes narrowed covetously as he ran his hand caressingly over the fur. Then, trying not to appear too anxious he remarked casually,

"I give you ten dollar for the lot." His eye swept the two coyote pelts, the two common foxes, and lingered on the one "off color skin."

Gloria's prayers about the brains of her children had been answered. Peter remembered the cold early mornings when he had trailed his traps—the distasteful task of preparing the skins, the secret hope for which he wanted money. Also the dealer's hand had lingered just a trifle too long on that one skin.

"I'll take ten dollars for all except this one skin," he parried.

"I give you twelve. Two for this one, it is set good."

"I won't sell it for two dollars." A strange intuition gave Peter courage.

From two to ten, from ten to twenty. Still Peter parried, refusing to set a real price. Twenty dollars! Supposing the man wouldn't pay that! But the dealer returned to his wagon and his companion; they consulted together, together they came to inspect the skin. Four eyes now gleamed covetously, and Peter gathered fresh courage.

"I'll take fifty dollars or nothing." Peter hardly knew his own voice, quiet, positive, calm. The dealers argued, but Peter remained firm. Finally ten five-dollar bills were laid on the table, where the crumbling dust of a long dead flower fell upon them.

"Now, two more for the other pelts," added Peter. With a sigh of resignation two more five-dollar bills were added to the pile. The bargain closed, the traders became suddenly joyous. Each carried two common pelts; but as if sharing a mutual distrust, they carried the silver tipped pelt between them, back to the wagon.

PETER could hardly believe his own eyes. Twelve five-dollar bills lay before him. *"His own!* He forgot the chillblains; the risings in the dark cold house to trail the traps; the long tramp over the snow-laden hills in pursuit of a coyote that had gotten away with a trap. He, Peter Whitman, was rich!

Instinctively, his first thought was of his mother. Last night he had found her cutting a new sole from an old shoe top to tack into her own worn shoes. She could not even go to church now. Little Flora and Florence had never had coats. Peter picked up two old flower pots that were near; he opened them and dropped two bills into the lower one and replaced the upper pot.

"There," he said happily, "whatever happens, "that is for Mother."

He rushed out to the family to announce his news. Gloria could hardly repress tears for the look of joy which suffused his face. Nancy rushed to call her father from the library. Aunt Catherine laid down *He Fell in Love with his Wife* to gaze longingly toward the insignia of new combs and brushes. Peter was enjoying the sensations of a temporary hero.

A few days later Bruce went to Peter. "Could you loan me a little money?" he begged.

Peter's face clouded. He knew exactly what *loaning* money to Bruce would mean.

"I'll loan you some traps, and you can catch, too," volunteered Peter. As he spoke he rolled up the precious bills and tucked them into his coat pocket. He hung the coat on a peg behind the kitchen door. Bruce promptly took off his coat and hung it beside Peter's.

SUDDENLY Bruce's face lightened. "Say, Peter," he queried, "just where did you catch those pelts?"

"Up Cripple Creek Canyon to be exact; on Lott's old place."

"Just as I thought, on Lott's old place. Lott's place is Lulu's

place—Lulu's place is my place. You caught that silver tip on my place. Therefore it is mine. You sold my pelt; I claim the money."

Gloria was so surprised she called out sharply, "Bruce you can't do that!" in a queer twisted tone. Aunt Catherine dropped her book. Peter tried to smile at Bruce, but seeing his set serious face, Peter's own smile faded to blank astonishment. Perhaps Bruce was right. The twins, sensing disaster, began to cry.

"I caught them, Bruce, with my own traps."

"On my land!" reiterated Bruce. "My wife won't go without medicine and doctors — I won't go without shoes—we won't go without flour while you waste money which belongs to me."

"We'll put it up to father," and Peter hurried in pursuit of Jonas. He listened to Peter impatiently, a worried expression on his face. "I was tempted to borrow the money myself," he added, "but a look on your mother's face withheld me. My son shall not quarrel with my foster son. I shall not make a decision between you. You must live in peace and harmony. Perhaps there are more silver-tipped foxes to be had for the trapping. Perhaps if Bruce has good, sound shoes, and warm clothing, he, too, would trap. See that the cattle are well bedded for the night, Peter. The young Jersey cow should have a feeding of mash."

He turned again to his desk and after a respectful silence, Peter withdrew in puzzled wonderment. He returned to the kitchen. Aunt Catherine was again reading. Nancy was washing dishes, Gloria was bending over the empty wood box, which Peter in his excitement had forgotten. Bruce was gone.

"I'll fill the box, Mother," cried Peter, feeling that Bruce's departure had temporarily settled the dispute. He reached for his coat and put it on. He raised his hand to pat the pocket where the precious bills lay. There was no bulge.

"Where did Bruce go?" asked Peter, in a queer, hard voice.

NANCY spoke up quickly. "He put on his coat and said he guessed he'd better go on home. He knocked your coat to the floor. He was a long time

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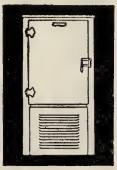

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picking it up, and his face looked funny."

Without a word Peter turned and went to the woodpile. Gloria followed Peter to confirm her suspicions. The money was gone.

"Peter," she came directly to the point. "I'm going to your father. If he does not make Bruce return the money to you by night, I will give you the card to Judge Conrad. You shall leave and go to him. He will help you."

"Who would cut your wood?" parried Peter. "And draw your water?"

Gloria smiled. "I have cut wood and carried water and milked cows as far back as I can remember. I am still strong. You shall go!"

Jonas paid no attention to Gloria's pleading. Bruce had become very dear to him—had helped him when Rodney had gone—had been more than his own son.

"I told Peter to give the Jersey cow some bran mash," he stated, shortly.

"He won't stay—he will go away forever. There will be no one to help you, if you don't make Bruce—" cried Gloria.

"A quart of bran and two quarts of hot water," added Jonas, with a nod of dismissal.

GLORIA made no further comment. She returned to Peter. He promptly fed the cattle, carrying out all the instructions of his father. Then he cut wood until a huge pile seemed to defy the cold. He filled all the available tubs and buckets with water. Gloria washed his clothes, mended his shirts and socks, packed his belongings in the leather suitcase which Francis Conrad had left. She put up a lunch of the best food which the house boasted. Then she went quietly to her own room and reached far back on the closet shelf where the leather folder lay which had given her Francis' true name. Here she pulled out the card the Judge had given her. With the two five dollar bills pinned securely to an inner pocket, the precious card, the valise and his lunch, Peter left the home of his father. He walked the three miles to the railroad station and boarded a "freight" for the distant town.

When Jonas came down to supper there was no place set for Peter. Only Aunt Catherine, looking frightened, Gloria looking calmly resigned and the three little girls greeted him. "Is Peter feeding bran to the Jersey," he queried.

Gloria waited a long moment to reply. Then her words were chiseled, as if cut from hard stone: "Peter will never feed another animal on this place." Jonas' face went white for a second. Gloria thought he was going to choke. Then he leaned far over the table and appropriated the dish of clotted cream Aunt Catherine had set at her own place.

Spring brought rumors of hard times. Gloria wondered how they could be harder. Butter fifteen cents a pound; eggs ten cents a dozen. A pit containing five hundred bushels of potatoes was not even opened because there was no market. The store-keeper looked like he was giving you charity when you took grain to trade for groceries. The words *"Coxy's Army"* became familiar. Gloria did not know Mr. Coxy, but she was not impressed with his soldiers. They traveled the country in regiments—the unemployed. They rode box cars from town to town. They wore ill-fitting, grotesque clothes. They came begging food. Gloria gave them raw potatoes and raw wheat. When there was an over supply of butter which she could not sell, she gave of that. Due to the cows which came with Lulu and which Bruce still pastured with the Whitman cattle, Aunt Catherine now had plenty of cream. But you could not transform cream into stockings and shoes, nor into flannels which Bruce and Lulu needed badly, for this year had brought a baby—Claire—to them.

JONAS' persistent study of law brought him appointment as a member of the Constitutional Convention. It was an honor and Gloria was glad for him. But she suffered great suspense until she knew that the convention would be held far beyond the smaller town which sheltered Peter. With calm unconcern Jonas sold two cows and purchased himself a new suit and shoes and linens. There was only an old battered satchel in which to pack his clothes, but Gloria did her best. Jonas confidently expected Peter to return. The boy

could not have gone far, he had no money. He would teach him a few lessons in obedience as soon as he did return. He had been too lenient with Gloria's boy—from now he intended to be more severe.

Men began to talk of a queer odd fellow, a Frenchman named Le Vasser who had kept tinkering around until he made what folks called a *horseless carriage*. Wasn't drawn by mules either. It ran without any animal at all to pull it. The contraption ran with gasoline—that came from oil like kerosene. It made a noise like *putt-aputt-aputt*. What with the new lights and that talking machine and now this machine that could go ten miles an hour, the world was surely changing!

JONAS returned from the convention with new hope. Statehood was coming. There was no longer any doubt. All obstacles had been removed. Utah would be the forty-fifth state. Industries would thrive from this new impetus. He had fully expected Peter to be home. Instead, Gloria was chopping all the wood which the family burned, milking all the cows and performing all the other menial tasks. The hired man had left, because his wages were so much in arrears.

"Woman suffrage will come with statehood," smiled Jonas, knowing full well that neither Gloria nor Aunt Catherine knew whereof he spoke. "I suppose every man who wants to run for office after this, will spend his time making up to the ladies!" He made no further explanation and Aunt Catherine showed no interest. But Gloria did not sleep until she had ransacked the library for all available information on the word suffrage. A year old paper from the East finally answered her quest. Here she learned, with a strange new thrill, that suffrage meant equal voting rights between men and women. Wyoming and Colorado had granted it—now UTAH. She, Gloria Whitman, after statehood, could vote. She could go to the polls on election day and enter a little booth and mark a ballot, and no one could stand by to tell her what to write. What an emancipation! Schools should be put where little children did not have

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to wade through water. Men could no longer sell their homes without the signature of their wives. Perhaps some day, women could do work which they liked—not always cutting wood, carrying water, milking cows.

Jonas sold more cows and hired more men. He again seeded fields of wheat and oats. He purchased Edison's latest improvement on the phonograph. He had seen it at the convention. It was a disc. The music was now clearer. *Only a Bird in a Golden Cage* came from the morning glory horn with such pathos that Aunt Catherine stopped reading to wipe her eyes. "Ah," she breathed when *After the Ball is Over* had finished its doleful tones, "If they would only use such genius to sing *God Save the Queen!*"

IN May of the next year there was much comment and argument concerning happenings in Cuba. Was this the island which Columbus really had discovered? The natives were being cruelly treated by the Spanish nation. Starvation—massacre—exposure—outrage, became the common lot of the oppressed people. Congress voted a relief fund; there was prospect of better markets. Did the people of America remember how Lafayette came to their aid back in 1776? Old histories were dug out, people began to study more about that island, so near, so needy. Geographies were thumbed, maps traced by gnarled fingers. In August when the grain was full leafed, Nancy came running in wide eyed, her hands full of the green leaves of the wheat and oats. "Mother—Aunt Catherine," she cried. "Hold these leaves to the light. This way, Aunt Catherine. You have to shut one eye and hold the blade against the other and look at the sun. You will see a letter. A capital letter. It's true, Mother. *WAR* is coming!"

Aunt Catherine followed Nancy's frantic directions. One plump eye was closed, while the other peered at the leaf.

"Upon my word, Gloria my child," her voice became excited too, "the child is right. There is a capital *W* on this oat leaf. It means nothing short of war. War and pestilence, privation and death! Ah, that we had a Queen to settle with these heathens!"

"Long to reign over us
Wise and victorious—"

"We have a President, Auntie," interrupted Nancy. "I think he knows what to do!"

"When I was your age," retorted Aunt Catherine, who had been denied the privilege of finishing her song, "children were not reared to think, but to *obey!*"

REMEMBER THE MAINE became a by-word. "On to Echo" had been a local slogan during the railroad days. But this was national. American soldiers and sailors had been treacherously killed. The massacre of the innocent Cubans, the burning of their homes, the confiscation of property continued. April, and the President called for more than one hundred thousand volunteers. Young men left their homes and colleges; men left their teams in the fields, to enlist. Cubans were being starved to death. Gloria thought of the potatoes that had rotted. Men hung about the telegraph stations, leaving the fields to water themselves, trusting to providence to seed the grain.

Lulu came in singing, carrying little Claire, and wearing a small flag on her bosom. It was not ribbon, or wool. A new kind of material, called *celluloid*. She said it burned dreadfully easy, so keep it from the fire.

"Tell Mr. Whitman," Lulu had always held Bruce's silent foster father in deep respect, "tell him Bruce has enlisted. He's on his way now. Can you spare me a loaf of bread, Gloria? No need for me to bake, now there's only the two of us."

Jonas' hired men had all enlisted. With such prospects of golden adventure, they did not care to work for a man who could not always pay their wages when due. The day after Bruce's enlistment, Gloria plowed one entire field, aided by "one-arm Johnson" whose fighting days were over. Jonas had a new machine, to be paid for in the fall after harvest. It was a combination drill-seeder. You poured the seed into a funnel shaped box, from where it was dropped at proper spacings in tiny furrows. Nancy sat at the head of the field, under the shade of a

cottonwood, and cared for the twins, and studied spelling. Aunt Catherine attempted to prepare dinner, but "Wife in Name Only" was too enticing. The potatoes were soggy, the bacon was burned, the biscuits were over done. Jonas glanced over the table and left the room in silence.

THE battleship Oregon sailed from San Francisco to the West Indian ocean — fourteen thousand miles—in one month! People had thought her captured by the Spaniards. Dewey took Manilla without losing a man. We were teaching the old world what sort of people grew up over here, anyway!

"Dewy was the morning, dewy was the day
Dewey the Captain upon that day in May."

sang Lulu, breezing into the Whitman kitchen without little Claire. "I'm going to the station for the mail," she announced. "I might have a letter from Bruce."

"Where's Claire?" asked Gloria anxiously. Lulu was not overzealous about Claire's welfare.

"I left her asleep. Nothing can harm her."

"Oh, you mustn't do that!" cried Gloria in genuine alarm. "She might wake up—she might crawl outside—she might fall down that open well—that dreadful steer could kill her, if she crawled under his fence."

"Spain might whip us, too!" scoffed Lulu. "I need money. Bruce might send me his wages!" With a little toss of her head, bound with a new scarlet ribbon, Lulu was gone. Gloria knew that a train of soldiers was due to pass through—she knew Lulu was not actuated with a wifely interest in Bruce's possible letter.

Gloria left Nancy to bake the bread, to guard the twins, to watch the pigs from the precious garden, and set off across the fields towards Bruce's house. Poor little Claire, to be born to the hazardous mercy of Lulu!

THE house was in its usual state of disorder. All the dishes were piled in a pan, unwashed. The slop pail was full to overflowing, the water bucket empty. The stove was cold, the wood box empty. Flies buzzed happily over the remnants of a recent meal. A pat of butter threatened to overflow the shallow saucer. A torn blind flapped in the morning breeze. The unmade bed was no surprise to Gloria, but her heart gave a great bound when she found it empty. The door was open and Gloria could only call and call. Through the fence the young bull was angrily pawing the remnants of a red doll's dress. Could Lulu never give the child anything but red, to further anger that dreadful animal?

Gloria steeled herself for anything. She hardly expected to find even Claire's body. But there she lay, a limp little morsel of humanity, cruel bruises marking her small body. The enraged animal had transferred his anger to the gaudily dressed doll, as soon as Claire had dropped it.

Gloria did not return to the small, one-roomed house. Walking, running, stumbling, she finally reached Jonas and laid the inert little body in his arms. The iodine; that precious bottle which the doctor had given her years before. "When you have similar need—" had been his words.

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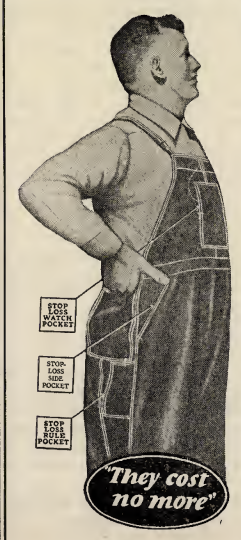

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Doctors were harder to get now, they were in demand for army service. Still, one came, and his solemn verdict sent a cold chill to Gloria's heart: "She has lost an eye." In addition a jaw bone was crushed and the cheek cruelly twisted.

Lulu's screams carried far out into the night. Her baby, her child, maimed for life! Cruelly disfigured. What was life to a girl, with a withered, distorted, sightless eye, and the other one only pale blue at that! Hers was a sudden rush of grief, untinged with self remorse. But as the days passed and Claire required nights of watching and days of patience, Lulu's maternal love slackened. To Gloria fell the task of coaxing the child back to a semblance of health.

JUNE and Hobson sank the Merrimac to bottle up Cevera's fleet in Santiago Bay. "Kissing Hobson." A man named Roosevelt and his Rough Riders came into prominence. They wore a different uniform, a brown cloth called *khaki*. The battle of Santiago lasted three days — exactly thirty-five years after Gettysburg. Spain was whipped—anxious to sign anything to stop the terrible rush of those Americans. The war had lasted three months — three weeks—three days.

The soldiers would be coming home soon now. Jonas bought several new discs for the phonograph. Nancy played them to Claire. *Just as the Sun Went Down* had a wonderful chorus:

"One thought of mother at home alone
Feeble and old and gray;
One of the sweetheart he'd left in town
Happy and young and gay."

Lulu began to look frightened. Bruce would have to come home soon. He would blame her for the accident to Claire. He had loved the child. She went for the mail one morning, on the pretext that Bruce might write again before coming home. Trainloads of soldiers were going through. Laughing, carefree men; some who had been wounded. Men who had seen the world. Boys who had been changed into men overnight. The freedom of soldiers — Lulu with a bright, gay ribbon around her neck. The lure of brass buttons—the fear of Bruce. The train stopped at the station, and Lulu did not return to the Whitman ranch.

Bruce returned unharmed. He looked older, walked a little straighter, but his touch of self confidence seemed to drop from him like a cloak when he entered his foster father's home. One look at the disfigured Claire and he turned in anger to search for Lulu. For the next two days he walked about as if dazed, unable to comprehend the disaster which had overtaken him. Deserted. Left with a crippled child.

"Yellow fever killed more of us Americans than the real fighting," he volunteered. "That and typhoid sure laid us out. I guess I'd a had it too, but that boy that used to live here, the boy who was bit, found me, and had me turned into the hospital. He's only a kid still, but he was there."

"Due to my foresight, Lulu's departure will not affect title to your land," commented Jonas, hoping to draw Bruce from his lethargy. "In case something happened to you, I had her deed all her property to me—to keep for Claire. That was the least I could do."

"All right," Bruce answered apathetically.

THE next month Nancy, coming home with the mail, brought Gloria a queer little note. It was a piece of wrapping paper, and the post mistress had scribbled on it in pencil:

"Pears. Turnips. Elderberries. Radishes."

"What a queer thing for her to write!" announced Nancy.

"This is an age of queer things," moaned Aunt Catherine. "There's a round red thing growing in Gloria's garden. She covers it over every night, so it won't freeze. Its seed are yellow. I guess it's all right, but it tastes queer to me. She calls it a tomato. Funny, they had to make its name so much like *potato*."

Gloria made no comment to Aunt Catherine's dissertation on American fruits. She put the small scrap of paper carefully in her dress. It was a cipher from Peter.

(*To be continued*)

Beauty in the Home

Continued from page 85

tables may be placed where they are convenient for use. A colored Paisley shawl on the piano should find an echo of closely related color at colors found in pictures, lamp and the opposite end of the room. The pottery should be repeated at the four sides of the room, so that there is not only a balance in sizes of objects but balance in color as well

In securing balance in a room, one should test both halves to see that one-half is not more attractive to the eye than the other. In arranging the room the four walls with the furniture seen against them, must balance. If one wall seems too heavy it is necessary to add a bright color or a more interesting shape to the weaker side. The attractions should be adjusted until the whole room looks restful, then and then only, has balance been secured.

Let us briefly summarize the main points on balance in relation to interior design:

1. Every room should be arranged in such a way that the effect is restful to the eye.

2. This effect of repose or balance is secured by the arrangement of shapes, sizes and colors with reference to a center line.

3. Objects which are alike have the same power of attracting attention and hence will balance each other at equal distance from a given center. This type of balance is called formal.

4. Objects which are unequal in size or attraction should be arranged, with reference to the center line, in such a way that they appear to balance. The object with greater attraction when moved toward the center, will balance a less attractive one placed farther away.

5. A room is more beautiful if it contains some formal and some informal balance.

The ideal room is without confusion. The surest method of securing order which captivates atttention and produces restfulness is through the principle of balance.

Objective Test

This test is given in the form of true and false statements. If you think the statement is true draw a circle around the T, if you think it is false, draw a circle around the F.

1. T. F. Balance does not depend on actual weight.
2. T. F. Bright orange will outweigh dark red.
3. T. F. Bright blue will outweigh dull green.
4. T. F. There are three kinds of balance; Formal, Informal, Occult.
5. T. F. The human body is an example of formal balance.
6. T. (F.) The living room should be done in formal balance because it suggests sociability.
7. (T.) F. Articles of furniture which are easily moved are the ones to be used in making arrangements of informal balance.
8. T. (F.) Always place the sofa and bookcase across the corner of a room.
9. (T.) F. A feeling of dignity and repose is given by formal balance.
10. (T.) F. A bright red chair will attract more attention than a dark green chair.

Answers to November Test:

1. F.	6. T.
2. F.	7. F.
3. F.	8. T.
4. F.	9. T.
5. F.	10. T.

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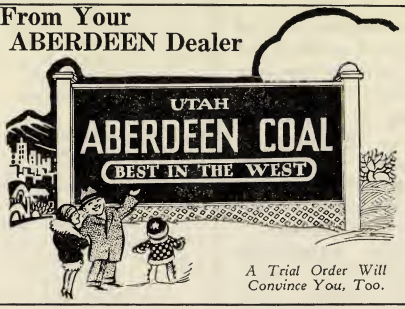

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Two Strong Men

Continued from page 74

Blocking the center and guard, I was wondering why Zum did not zoom by with the ball, when out of the corner of my eye I caught sight of it sailing high overhead. A pass on the seventeen yard line! For a second I really believe my heart stopped. To pass there was a fool thing to do, especially when a buck had been called from pass formation.

I fancied I could hear above the frenzied yelling of the crowd, the roar of Old Coach Bob.

I straightened up to see what would happen.

Away off to the left dusting along the sideline was Billy Goaslind, our crack end, and above him and leading him was the ball doing a perfect spiral.

In that second I saw an inspired Goaslind leave his feet—they seemed to have wings—and snare that ball from the air. Down the field he streaked with twenty-one men in wild pursuit.

That touchdown won the game.

But you should have heard old Coach Bob—and seen him—after the game as he stormed up and down the dressing room. You'd a thought the victory was bitter.

"It was a fool thing to do!" he raved. "An idiotic thing to do. It was suicide. Baker, did you call for a pass?"

Coach Bob swung on the quarterback.

"No, sir," Baker quavered, startled by the Coach's explosion.

"Bill, did you call for that pass?" he barked at me.

"No," I answered, but I had an idea what he was driving at. His noise, I could tell, was partly for effect. He knew the pass won the game for us, but he wanted to maintain discipline.

"Then whose bright idea was it?" he snapped, glaring from one to the other of us.

I saw Zum's jaw come up solid and his gray eyes narrow. He stood up.

"It was my idea," he said slowly —firmly. "I thought I saw a chance to win."

"Thought you saw a chance to win, did you?" Coach Bob yelled. "Didn't you see a bigger chance to lose?"

"Mebbe I could have seen it had I looked," Zum answered, "but I never look at the chances to lose."

It was Kipling's stuff for certain then — the Colonel's son and Komal face to face. All of us were tense.

COACH BOB'S great fists doubled slowly and then they opened again. I saw a glint of approval in his eyes, but his teeth tore the words that came through his lips.

"Perhaps losing doesn't mean much to you! We had gone over our campaign carefully and—that —pass—play, backed up as we were against our own goal, was—not—on—the schedule!"

"But it won the game," Zum answered. "Where I came from, we go out to win, not—to play the game!"

"In the next game you are to play the game according to instructions. I'm coach here."

Zum did not answer, but his eyes bored into those of the Coach. Coach Bob shifted. I knew he was loving the kid to the core, but I also knew the old Trojan would not retrace or retract. He spoke:

"The next time you disobey orders, I'll be calling for your suit." There was no mistaking his tone of voice. He meant it.

Zum paled a little, but he held his ground.

"You won't have to call for it; I'll turn it in myself!" he answered, and his words crackled.

As I went out of the dressing room that night, Zum ranged along side.

"Say, Bill," says he, "what do you make out about the Coach's threat?"

"I make out that he meant it, old kid," I said, "but ——"

Zum caught me by the arm.

"If I hadn't liked him as I've never liked any other man in my life, he'd a got my suit right then —and a pair of fists besides. I ain't used to talk like that. My boss can outline my work for me and expect results, but he jest can't say how I'm to get the results and make me like it—that's all."

THE little tilt between the Coach and Zum troubled me a lot. We were out to win the con-

ference that fall and I knew the chances hung largely around the shoulders of one, Walt Zumwalt. He was the safest ball toter, the most accurate passer, and by far the most reliable kicker we had, and he tackled like an angry bull pup. With him behind the line I felt that everything, somehow, would just naturally go right.

I loved old Coach Bob Hazard. He had been Coach at Polk University for seven years and had made a great record during his first seasons. He had taken two conference championships and had finished second once, but for three years he had been below the five hundred mark in the percentage column. Already those fans who look only upon victory as being success were talking of a new coach for the Polkers, even though even the kids knew his material had been poor. That year we were going fine and had a good chance to pick off the bunting. A championship would save Coach Bob and he knew it. It was for that reason, I believe, that he was so nervous and determined to run the team.

His fine attitude, his big heart, and his loyalty to his men made us all adore him. Zum was like the rest of us, but I was afraid that the Irish in him, the years of stern experience on the range where he had to solve his own problems without the aid of coaches, might cause him to follow his best judgment to disaster.

WE fought our way through a hard schedule that fall. Though we played in five as tough football contests as I have ever seen, Zum carried through without serious injury. His mastery of the punt and of the fine points of the game made him the most feared and admired back in the game.

Our last contest was with Burnham College. It was a mining school and had in its student body only men who had built up a reputation for being tough—hardboiled. They had trampled seven good teams into the sod, and had come through without a loss. In fact, they had not allowed an opponent a single score.

On paper, the championship conflict seemed theirs by at least three touchdowns. Teams we had both played had been beaten by them from one to four touch-

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downs more than we had beaten them.

For a week before the contest Coach Bob was as nervous as a girl. He roared and he haggled and he snarled as night after night he sent us against the frosh who were using Burnham plays. He built up an offense and a defense that to him looked perfect. He was out to win the game, that's all.

I remember yet his set face on the evening before the battle when he called us into his office for a last word.

"And now," said he in conclusion, "we can outpunt them and we can hold them; therefore, we are to kick off at every opportunity. "Get that?" he asked, turning to me. "We are to kick off at every opportunity, and we're to punt no later than the third down. Back 'em up against their goal line; get the ball in the middle of the field; and then march down to the goal. Get me?"

I nodded.

"Get me?" he asked, turning to the quarter.

Baker nodded.

"Then don't forget!" he admonished. "Remember that strategy will win. All you fellows have to do is go in there and carry on the campaign."

ON the day of the game we were right. Every regular was keyed up like a fiddle. A crowd that surpassed in size anything that Burnham had ever seen was there to see the battle.

Then the game got under way; we kicked off to Burnham and downed the ball before they had reached their own twenty-yard line.

We held them for downs and they had to punt. We took the ball and on our third down Zum laid a nice stem-winder exactly on the corner of the grid—one of the prettiest kicks I have ever seen. Burnham took the ball and again we held them. They had to kick.

The punt was high and short. Baker took the ball and started up the field. He had made three yards when a Burnham tackle hit him so hard the smacker sounded like the Leviathan ramming the Olympic.

Baker failed to rise. We worked over him frantically, but the two minutes of grace ticked away and then another two. We had to substitute.

Baker's loss was immediately felt. Little Jimmie Garner, who took his place, fumbled on the first play and Burnham recovered. Then they began their march. Three first downs in a row they made when we stopped them. I coaxed and wheedled and pleaded with the boys, but we couldn't make any headway, although I must say the Polkers rallied and we held those Burnham Bengals, though they kicked and scratched and fought with a fury that I had never seen equaled on the gridiron.

Two quarters slipped away and Coach Bob once more reiterated his commands.

"They're tough babies, all right," said he, "but as long as old Zum's leg works as it has been doing, we're going to beat. Now kick, kick, kick! Don't take a chance!"

We went back into the second half determined to carry on the campaign, but somehow, the pepper went out with Baker. Jimmie was heroic, but we couldn't quite pick up the rhythm.

We were backed up against our own line late in the fourth quarter when Zum stepped over to me.

"I'm tired of this monkey business," he snapped. "Let's get a little fight into this thing, Bill."

"What do you want to do?" I asked.

"I want to fight," he answered grimly. "Let's take our every chance to make our downs before we kick. She's been workin' ain't she—the old laig?"

He flexed his knee.

I nodded approval. I knew Coach Bob would tear his hair when he saw us bucking on the third down, but I was desperate, too.

We called for an off-tackle buck and it failed. Had we made our downs, I knew Coach Bob would have forgiven us, but he could never forgive a failure. As we line up in punt formation for the fourth down, I glanced over at the bench where Coach Bob was standing, his hands on his hips and his cap down over his eyes. I could almost have repeated his thoughts word for word.

JIMMIE called the signal and I snapped the ball. I'll swear I made a perfect pass, but somehow Zum muffed it and dropped it. I threw myself in front of the charging Bengals and went down with three on top of me. Even as I lay there I heard a roar that shook the earth. I wondered what had happened. Straightening up, I looked to see what had become of the ball.

A mass of humanity was struggling apart behind our goal line. I rushed down. On the bottom, his arms around the oval which a Bengal held was Zum.

"I missed it, Bill," he said as soon as he recognized me. "It bounded—back—here! It's a score for them!"

If ever tragedy was written in a man's face or was made manifest in his voice it was so written and so made manifest in Zum's face and voice.

I helped him up.

The Bengal's lined up to dropkick for the score after touchdown. As we waited for the boot, I glanced along the line to where Zum was crouched like a panther ready to spring. The big Bengal back ran forward, dropped the ball and kicked, but Zum was there to receive. He threw up his hands but missed. The ball smashed him in the face almost knocking him down.

A yell went up from Polker rooters. The kick was blocked. Score, 6 to 0 in favor of Burnham.

As we trotted up the field toward the center, I felt someone pulling at my sleeve. It was Zum, his face covered with blood and his eyes swelling.

"Hurry!" he commanded. "Choose to receive. We got a get that score back. Hurry, before my glimmers swell shut."

"But Coach Bob says—" I began, but he cut me short.

"Never mind Coach Bob!" he panted. "There are only a few minutes left. Receive and let me have the ball. Bill, old man, I am to blame for the hole we're in. For my sake—for Polk's sake, receive—it's our only chance."

I glanced off to the bench where I could see Coach Bob instructing Dale Johnson, Zum's substitute, who was fastening on his head gear.

Zum saw them also.

"Hurry, Bill; hurry before Coach Bob can get Johnson—" he strangled, something wrong with his throat—"in here."

Somehow Zum's earnestness touched me. Spirits sometimes do dominate the body. His did. He was my friend. The glory that was Polk's had come largely through his efforts. I weakened.

"Hey," I called to the referee, "Polk will receive."

"Thanks, Bill." Zum's voice shook as he wiped the blood and tears from his eyes, that he might see better. "Now if its in my territory, let me have it."

As I took my place on the line, I could see Coach Bob wildly signaling, but I would not see. Coach Bob could go hang. I was under the spell of Zum's indomitable spirit.

THE referee's arm fell and the ball spiraled high. It naturally would have gone to Jimmie, but Zum darted in front of him and took it in his arms and was off behind as determined a bunch of warriors as ever charged up a battle field. For one, I felt that I could move mountains.

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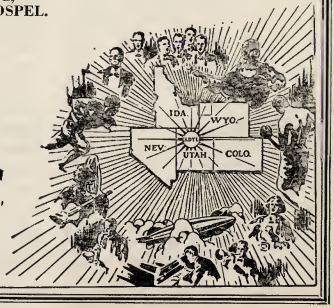

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Zum's spirit had taken hold of me and I knew that the Bengals, tough babies that they were, would go down like ten pins before our rush.

But Zum was too fast for us, when he once got under way. He shot through the struggling line and out into the open where three backs were bringing up the rear of the Bengal defense.

A Bengal half saw the ball toter and met him full speed ahead. There was a crash as shoulder met hip and the Bengal slid off to the side as Zum spun away and zigzagged toward the second of the defensive backs. The back, evidently nervous from being alone, waited. Zum darted left and just before the Bengal's tentacles fastened on him, darted right!

Only Powerhouse Parsons was left. Parsons was counted the safest tackler in the conference. I sped up the field in an attempt to overtake Zum and give him some interference, but I seemed to be running in one place, as the gap between us widened.

POWERHOUSE PARSONS was a veteran, all-conference back and I knew he would make neither of the mistakes his teammates had made. I knew he would tackle high and would hang on. He had seen Zum side-step his mate and spin away from the first of his tacklers. Parsons would risk no flying tackle that would take him from his feet.

I honestly believe that Zum, too, had figured what the Powerhouse would do, for without deflecting his course one bit he made straight for the big fellow. It seemed that Zum was going to throw himself into Parson's open arms, but suddenly, when not five feet away, he darted sideways to pass Parsons on the right.

Parsons reached out and seized the cowboy with his two arms and hung on. Then it was that I knew that Zum had intended that he should do just that. The cowboy hunched over pulling Parsons slightly up on his shoulders and sped on, the Bengal's legs trailing like the tail of a comet.

The stands went wild as they became aware of what was going on. Parsons gathered himself and raised his legs to throw them around Zum's, but he failed. With the ball safely tucked under his right arm Zum kept on—three—five — seven yards — and then plunged forward on his face as Parsons' legs tightened around his thighs—over the goal line.

Although the stadium rocked with cheers, Zum, with eyes swollen almost shut, as cool as a December morning, placed a dropkick neatly between the bars. Score, 7 to 6 for Polk.

That was the last score. As we left the field at the end of the battle, with eyes all but shut, Zum gripped my hand.

"Thanks, Bill," he said huskily. "You believed in me!"

Somehow just then I couldn't answer. Something choked me down.

As I trotted beside the Titian cowboy, I knew that I had never looked upon a greater football man in my life—one whose spirit was so full in control over mere material body.

As we neared the bench, Coach Bob came to meet us. His face was working and his eyes actually were wet.

"You wild, Irish, New Mexican bull-dogger!" His voice was vibrant with emotion. "You disobeyed again!"

Then Coach Bob threw his arms around that smashed-faced cowboy and they hugged like a couple of homesick school girls, while tears run down their cheeks like rain down a tiled roof.

"Yeah!" Zum finally managed to say. "You can have my suit—as—soon—as I get it—off."

"You would bring that up," Coach Bob answered, unmindful of the passing, curious throngs and the rest of us. "So far as I am concerned you can wear that suit 'til it drops off and you can have mine and my home if you want 'em!"

And then they hugged again. I knew right then that Coach Bob Hazard would never issue another ultimatum.

Yea, Kipling is right—

"But there is neither East nor West,
Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Tho' they come from the ends of the earth!"

Keep his head up

and we'll all come through!

You recognize this man. He lives in your own town, not far from you . . .

Though faced with unemployment, he is combating adversity with courage. He has retreated step by step, but fighting. He has spread his slender resources as far as they will go.

This winter he and his family will need your help.

There are many other heads of families much like him in the United States. This winter all of them will need the help of their more fortunate neighbors.

This is an emergency. It is temporary. But it exists. It must be met with the hopefulness and resource typical of American conduct in emergencies.

Be ready! Right now in every city, town and village, funds are being gathered for local needs—through the established welfare and relief agencies, the Community Chest, or special Emergency Unemployment Committees . . .

The usual few dollars which we regularly give will this year not be enough. Those of us whose earnings have not been cut off can and must double, triple, quadruple our contributions.

By doing so we shall be doing the best possible service to ourselves. All that America needs right now is courage. We have the resources. We have the man power. We have the opportunity for world leadership.

Let's set an example to all the world. Let's lay the foundation for better days that are sure to come.

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief

Walter S. Gifford

WALTER S. GIFFORD, DIRECTOR
Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

Owen D. Young

OWEN D YOUNG, CHAIRMAN

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

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